THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 4, for April, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of the HEREDITARY PRINCE of ORANGE.
2. Fashionable COSTUME for May.
3. PATTERN for a DRESS SHAWL, or HANDKERCHIEF.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row,

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In a poetic communication lately received, we do not recognise either the hand-writing or the style of the lady whose name is signed to it. Though we should be happy to be favored with *her* communications, we decline inserting *this*.

The verses of "*Z. Y.*" are inadmissible.

William's essay has merit, but does not suit our miscellany. We have returned it by post, agreeably to his direction.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1814.

Modern LIFE *delineated.*

(*Continued from page* 115.)

IN the conversation between Gertrude and Mrs. Pope, it was decided that not a moment was to be lost in hurrying Emma away from Dublin while her resolution was yet recent, lest, upon after-thought, she should repent of her separation from Frederic, and choose to continue with him. Accordingly, before Gertrude quitted the house, Mrs. Pope dispatched her servant, to secure a passage for the two sisters in the packet which was to sail for Holyhead the next day.

Eager to depart, Gertrude took every precaution to prevent all unnecessary delay, and in good time repaired with her sister to the place of embarkation, which they reached a full half-hour before the boat was ready to take them on board the packet. Meanwhile they retired to a private parlour in the hotel, where after they had sat a few minutes in melancholy conversation, their discourse was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a waiter, who announced that a gentleman in the adjoining parlour "wished to speak a few words to Miss Lloyd."

Without returning him an answer, or making any inquiry, Gertrude—who had her own reasons for not standing on punctilio in the present critical state of affairs—instantly rose from her seat, and followed the waiter to the other room, to meet the gentleman, who, as she had conjectured, proved to be no other than Frederic Manville. From the hour of the separation between him and Emma, Gertrude had harboured a vague suspicion that he would pay her sister a visit at the hotel, previous to her departure: and she was apprehensive lest the meeting should relume an ill-smothered flame, and he should prevail on her to rescind her hasty resolution, and continue with him in Dublin. "Frederic!" said she, with a look of dignity, "this is taking an ungenerous advantage of our situation. We parted yesterday for ever. What, then, has induced you to pay this visit?"

"It is," said Frederic in faltering accents, "to solicit your forgiveness for the accumulated miseries I have brought upon you."

"My pardon was freely granted yesterday; and I fear that is but a weak subterfuge for this intrusion, and that you have another motive in it. But hear me, Frederic!—Though I am inclined to make every allowance for the weakness and imperfection of the human character, I shall be the last person in the world to sanction the indulgence of vicious passions. You are now separated from Emma; and it is only through this separation that either of you can ever expect to obtain self-approbation, and what is of far more consequence, the forgiveness of the Divine Being whom you have offended. Think seriously on your conduct: and, as passion does not blind you now, consider what dreadful consequences would attend your leading my poor Emma from the path which penitence, and the last wishes of her father, have pointed out for her."

"Believe me, Gertrude, I do not wish to see Emma again. I most fer-

vently rejoice in our separation. But, as I am to sail in a few days for the East Indies, and it is probable that I shall never see you, my beloved Gertrude, again, I not only wished for your forgiveness, but I moreover wished to assure you, that, however culpable and base I may appear in your eyes, you were the only woman to whom my heart was ever sincerely attached.—The errors of another have destroyed my happiness for ever."

"Frederic! this language is highly unbecoming. Whatever you are, you want the generosity of my sister Emma."

"I am distracted, Gertrude! I wished to explain my conduct: but I find I cannot do it without criminating your sister. I will therefore say no more; but assure you, that, whatever part of the world I may be in, your image will preserve me from ever disturbing the peace of any other family. Farewell, dearest and best of women! May you be as happy as" . . . . His emotion prevented him from concluding the sentence.

Gertrude could not forbear to offer him her hand, which he pressed with fervor to his lips.—She felt, though she censured him, that he deserved her pity: and, the moment he rushed out of the room, she sunk into a chair, and, for a few moments, indulged the bitterness of anguish.

As soon as she was able to regain some little degree of composure, she returned to Emma, whose bosom, during Gertrude's short absence, had been a prey to conflicting passions, and who was just opening her lips to make some inquiries of her sister, when she was prevented by the loud summons of the boatmen, calling to the passengers to come forth, as they had not now a moment longer to stay.

This proved an opportune relief to Gertrude, who dreaded the effect of any conversation upon the subject of her late interview with Frederic, and gladly availed herself of the bustle of embarkation, to avoid all mention of it. Having therefore given orders for the conveyance of their trunks, and seen them safely deposited in the boat, she stepped into it with the poor disconsolate Emma, who, with shrunken heart and tearful eye, bade adieu to Dublin and Frederic for ever.

After a pleasant passage of a few hours, they landed safe at Holyhead, where, immediately on their arrival, Gertrude ordered a post-chaise to be got ready, to convey them as soon as possible to their native vale; and, without making any longer stay, than barely to take a little refreshment while waiting for the chaise, the two sisters set forward on their return to Llanarth.

The moment they were seated in the carriage, Emma placed herself in one corner, and never uttered a word, until they came within sight of the peaceful spot where she had passed her early years in virtuous innocence. As the scene opened upon her view, her heart yearned, and, "Ah!" she exclaimed, "there is the happy home of my youth! I now return to it with a broken heart."

"Nay, my dear Emma, consider the treasure it contains."

"Treasure! what? my innocent child!—Ah! Gertrude! I have not any treasure in this world: for that which sweetened and enhanced all the blessings of life—a pure, unreproaching conscience—is lost for ever."

The family were all delighted to see Emma returned with her sister. Winifred immediately brought the child to her. "Look," said the old nurse, "how much she is improved! Is she not a lovely babe?"

Emma clasped the dear babe to

he bosom; and her tears bedewed its smiling face.—At this moment, Miss Pope, who had been absent at the time of their arrival, hastily sprang into the room, with eager joy in her countenance, to welcome her friend Gertrude home: but, at the sight of Emma caressing the child, she suddenly started back, and drew toward the door, saying, "I did not know you had any company with you."—"It is my sister Emma, your old acquaintance," replied Gertrude.

"Old acquaintance!" repeated Miss Pope, with a tone and look of ineffable contempt; and hardly could the significant and almost angry glances and gestures of Gertrude restrain her from breaking out into some bitter remarks, which would have wounded the fallen Emma to the soul.

Emma, meanwhile, had her attention so completely engrossed by her little daughter, that she neither saw nor heard what passed. But Gertrude, at that moment, with the most poignant grief, deeply felt the full force of the remark which Mrs. Pope had made to her in Dublin, that Emma would never again be regarded or respected as she had been.

(To be continued.)

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

The paper still rested in the hand of Marina—her eye, surcharged with many a bursting tear, still dwelt on its heart-rending contents — when Jeannette entered the room.—The open casket, the well-known packet, her melancholy dejection—all conspired to explain what had been Marina's employment.—Jeannette seated herself opposite to her, surveyed her for a moment with looks of the tenderest pity, and then spoke to this effect—

"You have read your mother's wretched fate; and her child will not any more require my poor persuasions to induce her to exert herself for the restoration of a character once spotless as her own."

"Oh! do me more justice," cried the weeping Marina. "You shall behold, my dear Jeannette, with what cheerfulness I will sacrifice my happiness, to remove the stain which that character has received.—Go; and let the marquis be informed, that I will this moment attend him."

Jeannette was gone in an instant, and returned as quickly, to say, that his lordship, with my Lord Macduff, would be happy to see her in the 'drawing-room.

With the enthusiastic zeal of a self-devoted martyr, the unfortunate Marina (having first adorned herself with the fatal bracelets, and drawn from her bosom the miniature of her mother) took the letter addressed to her father; and, with hasty but trembling steps, entered the 'drawing-room, where, immediately advancing to the marquis, she sunk at his feet.—But what pen can delineate the expression of her countenance?—Her eyes were illumined by the fervor of filial piety: her form, air, and manner, seemed the effect of inspiration; and all together rendered her appearance something more than terrestrial.—Her voice was the harbinger of conviction; and the soul of the marquis trembled in its fragile mansion.

"You commanded me, my lord," said the lovely enthusiast, "never to mention the name of my revered mother: but, as the daughter of the injured writer of this letter, I cannot obey so unjust, so cruel an interdiction.—The dying ejaculations of your expiring wife absolved me (should you refuse to keep inviolate the vow you made) from all obedience to you.—The recording angel has registered

that vow in heaven: as *you* fulfill it, *I* obey.—And hear me, while I solemnly swear, that, unless you restore her wounded fame unspotted to the world, no earthly power shall force me to accept my Lord Macduff—No! though you should drag me to the altar, there you should behold me expire rather than comply."

The marquis surveyed the apartment: my Lord Macduff was gone: there was no intrusive eye, save one, to witness the return of feelings which did honor to his heart. With one hand he took the letter, while with the other he raised his agitated daughter.—He pressed her to his bosom: it was nature gaining a momentary victory over his worldly passions. "You have nobly conquered," said he.—"The vow I made shall be religiously performed. My poor Marina deserved a better fate: but the reparation of her wrongs shall be complete:" and, ringing the bell, he desired that Mrs. Brown and Lord Macduff, might be immediately sent to him.—They both entered at the same time.—To his lordship he introduced Marina, as his lawful daughter, by the title of Lady Marina Mervil: and then, turning to the astonished Mrs. Brown, he desired that this unlooked-for discovery might be announced to his people, and celebrated with due festivity.

Mrs. Brown waited not for a repetition of this command: in less than five minutes, the name of the marquis'es new-found daughter resounded through the house.—It soon reached the ear of Jeannette, whose joy on the occasion exceeded all bounds. Her exclamations, as they echoed through the apartments, caught the attention of Lady Marina, who sat, almost breathless, on the sofa, by the side of her father.—"It is the voice of Jeannette," she eagerly cried, as she darted from the sight of the petrified marquis.

"Jeannette!" he re-echoed. "Can *she* too be living?—But it is enough!" and instantly addressing himself to Lord Macduff, he attempted, with sophistic reasoning, to varnish over that part of his conduct, which, in his former recital, he had so carefully concealed. He knew he preached to an auditor who had never negatived his assertions: and, in this instance, as he had just remained in the room long enough to learn sufficient matter to criminate his noble friend, and certify the legal title of his affianced wife—it was the part of a duteous son-in-law to acquiesce with a submissive bow to all he uttered: and, while the marquis retired to write to the marchioness the most humiliating epistle he had ever penned, Lord Macduff enjoyed in perspective the unexpected honors that awaited him.—To marry, at last, not only the most beautiful woman in England, but also the acknowledged daughter of a marquis, exceeded even the bounds of his most ambitious wishes.—But how had he deserved such happiness?—Let us draw a veil over the dark retrospection, and hasten to overtake the winged flight of our lovely heroine, whom we shall find encircled in the arms of Jeannette, whose frantic joy she found it somewhat difficult to moderate. It was half an hour before Jeannette could acquire sufficient composure to ask by what happy means she had procured this desirable event.

"By a sacrifice," said Marina, "which no other consideration could have induced me to offer."—"Call not that a sacrifice, whatever it is," replied Jeannette, "which has restored your mother's character.—My prayers shall daily be offered up to Heaven, that you may be rewarded."

"Let us drop the subject," interrupted Marina. "I should be sorry to have the brightness of this

hour clouded by any unpleasant recollections. Go, my dear Jeannette, this evening, to the wood: tell my friends there, that the peculiarity of my situation precludes my seeing them again while I remain here.—But at the same time assure them of my eternal remembrance: tell them," continued she, (with difficulty suppressing the rising sigh) "that they shall hear from me before I go, and that, while I exist, I shall never be unmindful of their interest:—and do, dear Jeannette, commission some one to make my excuses to the marquis for not appearing at dinner: —I wish to be alone."

The marquis, having once resolved to acknowledge the legal claim of his daughter, was now as solicitous to pay her that attention and respect, to which, as his daughter, he conceived her to be entitled, as he was before to omit it: and he determined that her first entrance into the great world should be marked by the most brilliant *éclat.*—Though he was by nature sordid and avaricious, yet, on particular occasions, his pride and ambition surmounted these dispositions, nay had oftentimes so effectually disguised them, that those actions which originated in pride, had been commended by the misjudging world, as issuing from the fountain of generosity.—How often are her salubrious streams polluted by the hidden springs of meanness! —and perhaps, were we too nicely to scrutinise the present conduct of the marquis, we should find that it derived its origin from the concealed spring of avarice.—The acknowledgement of his daughter secured his fifty thousand pounds: her union with the rich Macduff would enable her to appear with splendor in the world; and the hoard, devoted by him to the purposes of ambition, would thus remain untouched.—His own consequence required her splendid introduction into the circle of fashion: and thus the victim of her father's vices and her mother's injuries, the young and blooming Marina, was devoted to the arms of a wretch, insensible of her intrinsic value.

The same express, which conveyed the marquis'es letter to Spa, was also commissioned to leave one for Lord Delafonte.—By a strange coincidence of events, it found him *tête-à-tête* with the marchioness. When her lord's epistle was delivered to her, she reperused it several times; and then, casting a benevolent smile upon Lord Delafonte, her eagerness to communicate its contents was for a moment suspended by the fear of crushing those hopes, which, but half an hour before, she had been innocently raising, of his being his uncle's whole and sole heir.—But she was not yet sufficiently acquainted with the innate worth of this amiable young nobleman. The liberality of his mind had never been disgraced by an envious or a selfish sentiment; and, the moment he perceived the marchioness disengaged from her letter, he expressed, in terms which did honor to his feelings, the joy which he felt, that the marquis had found, in so sweet a girl, a daughter, whose beauty and merit would be the admiration of his family, and a blessing to himself. He then adverted to the circumstance of her fainting at Sir William Manby's, and conjectured that the discovery must have arisen from the bracelets she wore, which he had observed his uncle surveying with some confusion: but who could the lady be, that had given birth to this amiable creature?

The marchioness sighed: but the suspicion which called forth those sighs, and a feeling of tenderness for a character which she respected

though she could not love, kept her silent; and she waved the question, by saying, she should instantly quit Spa, and proceed without delay to Ormwell, where she requested that his lordship, with Lady Delafonte and her sister, would join her as soon as possible.

(*To be continued.*)

SWITZERLAND, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

LETTER VIII.

Zurich.

Shakspeare has somewhere said*—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his sp'rit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted!"

Thus sang the immortal bard, when he spoke of unmusical individuals: but what would he have said, if he had had a knowledge of an entire nation, whose souls were insensible to the charms of music?—I know not whether any traveller has anticipated my remark: but certain it is, that Apollo is not the patron deity of the Switzers. You may become acquainted with ten different families, before you find *one*, in which music, even in its most common form, is at all cultivated. The popular music is wretched, and is as complete a burlesque upon harmony, as could be found among any nation of savages. Hence it is, that, when the common Switzer wishes to recreate himself with singing in the pot-house, he chants godly hymns and psalms; and that not through devotion—since the psalm-singing immediately succeeds the most licentious discourse, and this in turn again succeeds the psalm-singing—but from a real dearth of popular songs, and a downright want of other music. It may perhaps appear strange to you—yet I think I may venture to assert with truth, that you can seldom or never find a man of a true musical genius, or even a tolerably celebrated composer or virtuoso, who is a native of Switzerland: to me, at least, it has never yet happened to discover such a phœnix.

Whence this dull, this stupid insensibility to the most enchanting of all the human arts? That a total want of taste for it in one country, and an excessive passion for it in another, should be the mere work of chance, is what no man, I presume, will seriously attempt to maintain: and, on the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the decay or the improvement of that art must have a very sensible influence on the manners, the sentiments, and the language, of a people.

It is well known, what extraordinary effects the ancients ascribed to music. Although some of the accounts, which Greek tradition has handed down to us, of the wonderful powers of harmony and song, should be deemed fabulous, still it cannot be denied, that nature has established an intimate and ever-active sympathy between the ear and the heart. On this depends the whole operation of all perceptible sounds, as well in music as in speech. Through this sympathy, music acquires a peculiar command over the heart and the passions; and, on that account, music, above all the other arts, claims the particular attention of magistrates and rulers of states.

Among the better part of the Greeks, music was, for the reason above mentioned, an object of legislative care. In education, it was employed as one of the most effectual instruments in forming the youthful mind. The ancients in general, but, best of all, the Greeks, understood how to convert the various arts into

* Merchant of Venice, 5, 1.

sources of public utility, and render them subservient to the refinement and improvement of manners. Hence a Roman * said of his countrymen, what would have been more applicable to the Greeks—"*nullam majores nostri artem esse voluerunt, quæ non aliquid reipublicæ commodaret* †." Plato hesitated not to assert that no alteration could be made in the national music, without effecting an equal alteration in the constitution of the state. According to his opinion, the omnipotence of sounds was capable of awaking in the soul the most abominable vices or the most admirable virtues. Aristotle, likewise, though so fond of contradicting Plato, agrees with him however in opinion respecting the power of music over the human heart, and its influence on the morals.

In a free state like Switzerland, where so much depends on the spirit and courage of the people, it is, even in a political view, wholly unaccountable, how music could be suffered to fall into so low a state of decadency; since it is an incontrovertible truth, that nothing can more powerfully excite to great and heroic deeds, than choruses and songs chanted by assembled multitudes, and accompanied by numerous instruments. Let us call to mind the great, and in our times almost inconceivable, effects produced by such national performances at the secular games of the ancient Romans. And—though the recollection may be grating to our feelings—what have not the French of modern days accomplished by means of song? Previous to the revolution, how many acts of oppressive despotism, of lawless rapacity, were glossed over by a ballad! Since the revolution, how powerfully are the people inflamed, stimulated, inspired to mighty deeds by national songs and music, at their public festivals, in their civic meetings, in the play-house, in the field of battle! Thus, it is said that the well-known "*Hymne des Marseillois*" has proved a more powerful auxiliary to the French generals, than an army of a hundred thousand men.

The Switzers also had formerly their national songs, which were of extraordinary effect. I say "*formerly*;" for, since the people have, by long and frequent absences from their native country, lost their former pure simplicity of manners—since the commercial spirit has even so far degraded the courage and military prowess of the nation, as to convert them into sources of public revenue—the ancient Swiss song, which is sufficiently known by the *elegant* name of *Kühreigen* or *Kühreichen* *, has also lost its influence. This song had formerly such a powerful effect on the Switzers, that their troops, while abroad on foreign pay, were forbidden under pain of death to sing it, because the first few notes of it made so strong an impression on their minds, that either desertion or suicide was the consequence: so eager a desire did it excite of revisiting the cherished land of their fathers.

Whoever is acquainted with the air of the *Kühreigen*, may justly be astonished at its performing such wonders: but that effect is to be attributed, not so much to the music itself, as to the affecting recollection

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* Servius, in his notes on Virgil, Æneïd VI.

† Our ancestors were determined that every art should be rendered, in some measure, contributive to the advantage of the commonwealth.

* "Rows of cows;" which title—well known in France in its literal translation, "*Rangs de Vaches*"—has, by some of our English tourists, been strangely corrupted into "*Ranz* [and *Rans*] *des Vaches*." TRANSLATOR.

of the endearing circle in which the Switzers had been accustomed to hear those sounds—of their brothers, their friends, their companions, their sweet-hearts, whom they had left behind: and, even if the tune had been still more despicable than that of the *Kühreigen*, it would, in similar circumstances, have produced similar sensations. Still, however, music was the instrument by which those recollections were awakened, and those sensations excited; and, even in this point of view, it becomes the duty of the legislators and rulers, if they wish to prove themselves in any degree skilled in the knowledge of the human heart and passions, to use their efforts in ennobling and perfecting the arts of harmony and song, as very efficacious means of stirring up a nation to great exertions.

They have here, indeed, in the winter-season, a concert of *amateurs*, at which the sons and daughters of the merchants make a display of their abilities, and court admiration for their performance in vocal and instrumental music. But this is rather a sacrifice to modish *ton* than to genuine taste—rather the offspring of luxury than of a true relish for the art: and, instead of the masterly productions of our Handel, Hasse, Graun, Mozart, Naumann, Haydn, and others of that class, they vitiate their taste with the operas of unknown composers, which are of as motley texture as they are void of pathos. The consequence is, that their taste never receives the proper direction; that they practise music only as a mean of killing time, or for the sake of ostentation, and that the performers feel as little as the hearers. Thus, a few evenings ago, I heard a young man rehearse a recitative and an *aria di bravura* with such insipid unfeeling monotony, that the cries of "*bravo*," and the clapping of hands by his attending friends—however misapplied, however astonishing to me when I first heard them—afforded me nevertheless a seasonable relief, as I perceived in them at least the warmth of natural affection.

In general, indeed, I do not see why, in *amateurs*' concerts, such as that of which I now speak, the performers should have the ambition to attempt long serious operas. They not only lie beyond the sphere of the common class of *dilettanti* (as they are called), but must moreover lose much, and can never be played as regularly connected pieces, through the want of decorations, action, &c. those useful auxiliaries, whose aid is so necessary to render palatable the wretched nonsense which constitutes the ground-work of the generality of operas. What a certain traveller said of the gigantic ball-playing of the Italians, may be justly applied to this musical *stravaganza* of the Switzers—"For sport it is too much, for a battle too little*."

How far the decay of music has extended its influence to the character and feelings of the Switzers, can best be judged by those who have ever had or ever may have an opportunity of seeing one of them by the side of an Italian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German. The contrast cannot fail to be very striking. This rude unpolished harshness, when it is not too gross, might indeed still pass for good old Swiss simplicity: but, when we see the Switzer creep where others fly—see him scarcely thawed where others glow—see him rather boisterous than tender, rather serious than lively, rather melancholy than cheerful—surely no one will thence infer the same free play of the nerves, the same sprightly flow of the blood, and the same refined and delicate feelings arising from them, which are so pe-

* Per un gioco è troppo, e per una battaglia è poco.

culiarly characteristic of those nations who delight in the pleasures of music. How indeed could such an inference be drawn? May not even the barbarous rudeness of the Swiss language be considered as a natural consequence of the decay of music in the country? Could so grating a dialect as that of the Switzers be endured by ears that were accustomed to the enchanting harmony of a Cimarosa or a Mozart, to the thrilling accents of a Todi or a Mara? Do we not find, in fact, that the languages of those nations who were formerly the most remarkable for cultivating vocal music, as well as of those who now excel in singing—for instance, the ancient Greeks and Romans, and the modern Italians—are the most elegant, the most harmonious, and the most polished?

But I here drop the subject. Some *amateur*, who may hereafter travel through the country with a view to investigate its music—and indeed I wonder that so rich a mine of praise has remained unexplored by the laborious diligence of the panegyrists of Switzerland, and that some one of them, when seised by the trumpeting-fit, has not before now published a "Musical Tour through Switzerland"—an *amateur*, I say, may take up my cursory observations, if he think them worthy of notice, and may pursue the subject to a greater extent. It will be no difficult task for him to deduce inferences, which will have considerable weight with the observer who wishes to appreciate the moral character of the Switzers.

Meantime, although the Zurichers, as the Switzers in general, have very little taste for music, they have nevertheless some lucrative manufactories, which I shall make the subject of my next letter.—Adieu!

(*To be continued.*)

Distinction between Pride *and* Vanity.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

If the proud man cannot bear to have the foundations of that high opinion he entertains of himself examined by others, it is not to be supposed that he will impose upon himself the painful task of scrutinising them. In such a state of mind, it is impossible that he should ever submit to wear the yoke of the gospel. He cannot reduce the idea of self to those proper dimensions, to which they must be reduced, in order to fit him for entering the strait gate; but he may, nevertheless, find means to add to his ideal proportions, by connecting with the idea of self, certain doctrines or opinions connected with religion, and thus obtain for his pride a deceitful and delusive sanction; nor, perhaps, in all its shapes, does pride ever assume an aspect more injurious to the individual, or more fatal to the interests of religion and the happiness of society.

A promptness to accuse of pride those who are placed in circumstances which would afford to us the means of extending the idea of self, is a certain proof of the operation of the same passion in our own hearts. Where, by narrow fortune, low birth, neglected education, or other unfavorable circumstances, the desire of enlarging the idea of self meets with a check in any given direction, those who are in that respect superior, become, to the proud, the objects of secret, but vindictive malice. Hence the malignity which the proud and ignorant show toward those, who, without being their superiors in rank, are their superiors in talents and knowledge. Hence the boast of ignorance, which frequently issues from the lips of silly women, as if they were eager to prove that ignorance has been no obstacle to the

growth of pride in their hearts. Hence the ill concealed contempt with which the vulgar great affect to speak of those who are illustrious in the walks of literature or science. Hence the similar affectation of contempt on the part of the proud scholar and philosopher, in speaking of those who are superior in rank and fortune. In all these, and many other instances which might be given, we may plainly observe the effects produced by any obstacle, of whatever nature, which impedes the operation of the selfish propensity in any direction, when pride is the medium through which it operates. Whenever the proud man is conscious of a defect in his title to superiority, he is prepared to hate his brother, though he only in that one respect rises above his own level; and, as it is impossible for the proudest man to believe himself, in all respects, superior to all the world, his pride must necessarily be accompanied by malignity.

In the middling walks of life, and especially in its more busy scenes, a man is so often compelled to measure himself by the opinion of others, and to reduce the idea of self to something of a parity with that notion which he observes to be entertained of him by those around him, that pride is, in such situations, seldom indulged to excess. Where, indeed, it has been deeply rooted in early life, it will still retain an influence, and, as in other instances, will be accompanied by a certain portion of malignity; but, in this instance, more detrimental to the happiness of the individual than to that of any other person. Like the hypochondriac, who imagined himself placed in the centre of a globe of glass, whose preservation was essential to his existence, the proud man, whose idea of self is far extended, walks through the busy crowd in perpetual anxiety and apprehension, and receives thousands of imaginary wounds from those who are not aware of touching him. The great seem to press on him from above, the vulgar from beneath; and his companions and equals, on all sides, threaten the imaginary circle with destruction. Hence he is embroiled in perpetual quarrels, or devoured by perpetual chagrin; having no toleration, but for the few who observe that respectful distance which interferes not with the limits to which the idea of self extends.

Such, in the middling walks of life, are frequently the effects of a home education ill conducted.

In the higher and lower classes, the seeds of pride are fostered by circumstances that do not equally affect the middling classes. Far from attributing the pride that is sometimes exhibited in the former to an early consciousness of that superiority which is conferred by rank and fortune, I am convinced, that, in almost every instance in which we observe extreme pride to be the concomitant of greatness, we should find that the idea of self has been permitted to expand in infancy, before any notions of the advantages derived from birth, or rank, or fortune, have been formed. It is the consciousness of being exalted above his fellows, while clouds and darkness rest on the circumstances by which he is exalted, that first implants the pride which an after-knowledge of his circumstances feeds and cherishes. Where pains have been taken, in very early life, to explain the nature and value of that external homage paid to his rank, and to set against it the superior nature and higher value of that homage which is only paid to personal merit, we do not find that pride attaches to elevated rank; but are, on the contrary, frequently called to remark a striking contrast between the unfeigned humility, gentleness, and modesty, dis-

played by persons of exalted station, and the haughty arrogance and insolence assumed by persons in all respects their inferiors. Pride, like the toad, swells to an enormous size in darkness, and is most effectually nourished by the food which it devours in secret.

By the vanity of parents, this secret food is often conveyed to the infant mind. The idea of his own importance, which the child receives before he is capable of conceiving the nature of his superiority, gains additional strength from its being vague and undefined; and, as it increases, every attempt to diminish it becomes more and more painful, and is consequently resisted. The very reluctance which he feels to have the nature of his pretensions investigated, is sometimes mistaken by the fond parents for a proof of superior wisdom, as his choice of companions who are inferior to himself is in like manner mistaken for humility. The more accurate observer perceives, in both instances, the propensity to enlarge the idea of self operating in his breast. Instead of boasting of his birth, or fortune, or rank in life, or connexions, or education, he seems to look down on all these circumstances, and does in fact consider them as nothing in themselves, but as deriving all their importance from their connexion with him. But, although he would resent, as an indignity, the supposition that it was on any of these circumstances that his pretensions to superiority were founded, when you attempt to speak slightingly of the advantages attending rank, or fortune, or family, &c. you then find, that with all these circumstances the idea of self is so completely interwoven, that, in touching them, you expose yourself to the same revenge as would have been excited by personal insult.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 122.)

But, if the flames of war are rekindled under the ramparts of Leiden, it is on the plain that the most astonishing efforts of valour are displayed. Here whole batallions, closely thronged together, engage hand to hand, and foot to foot: their eager fury rages unabated; and mutual destruction seems alone capable of sating their animosity. Not far from these, squadrons shock against squadrons, overturn and massacre each other; and those who succeed them, after having with difficulty made their way over the mingled heaps of carnage where the lifeless bodies of men and horses lie in promiscuous confusion, soon experience the same fate with those whose stations they have occupied.

By turns, the wings of both armies evolve in various movements —retreat—rally—recommence the combat with renewed ardor; and by the creative eye of fancy, every individual in that vast scene of slaughter is at once and without intermission seen fighting, falling, rising again to fight and die anew. The centre alone of the Batavian host remains unshaken. From that station, William, with a comprehensive glance, surveys the motions of both armies, directs those of his own cohorts, and prevents or remedies the mistakes of their over-ardent valour.

Near him, a warrior attracts general notice, as well by his lofty stature as by his gallant exploits:—'tis Atrazore, son of the last of the Incas. On his breast he wears the image of the sun, whom he deems the founder of his family. His arms are not decorated with gold—that metal, which proved so fatal a bane to America: they are composed of solid steel alone; and in his hand glitters a sword of superior temper. He

conducts the warriors of Mexico, who by their valour had burst their chains, and are henceforward invincible by the Spaniards. They all have wished to fight under the eye of William; and, in that honorable station, they have formed before the hero an impenetrable rampart with their own bodies, and the lifeless corses of the enemy with which they have strewed the ground.

On an eminence at some distance, alone, and without observing the regularity of order or the commands of any chief, fights a Peruvian maid, armed with a quiver and a bow. Corroded by devouring grief, bereft of all hope, no longer bound by any tie to the world, Alzaïde consents to drag on the burden of life for the sole purpose of gratifying her vengeance. She has seen her father, her two brothers, and her lover, fall under the steel of the murderous Spaniards. Retiring, after these disasters, to the savage wilds, there to live among the beasts less cruel than the sons of Spain, she has since quitted the forests with no other view than that of punishing tyrants, and has united her hatred with that which the Batavians bear to them. In abandoning her woodland retreat, she pronounced these words—"Eternal sun, who seest me! revered manes who every-where haunt my steps! hear and witness this my promise:—unless death prematurely wrest this bow from my grasp, I swear to sacrifice to you as many Spaniards as shall a hundred times equal your number, ye shades ever dear to my heart!"—Each moment Alzaïde with unerring aim dispatches a victim in performance of her vow; and her exploits on this day will have completely fulfilled it.

Among the Batavians was Orvan, a hoary sire, whose son had been ravished from him by Spanish tyranny. Should he escape from this conflict, he is determined to repair to Spain, and there go from prison to prison in search of the youth who was the sole remaining support of his old age: but, if his researches prove ineffectual, he will fly to a desert, to terminate his mournful days in solitude, and at a distance from mortal eyes. The tumult of the battle cannot stifle in his bosom the voice of nature:—"I am environed by death," says he within himself: "this spot is ordained to be my grave: alas! my son is not at hand to close my darkening eyes!"

While agitated by these sentiments, he perceives in the Spanish ranks a young warrior, whose sword is not employed in fight:—the hapless man recognises his son, and starts back with horror. The young warrior rushes toward his father, and clasps him in his arms. "Wretched youth!" exclaims the senior, struggling to disengage himself from his embrace, "the Spanish steel glitters in thy hand! Ah! why didst thou not rather cut short the thread of my life—a parricide not more criminal than that of which thou art guilty toward thy country?—why didst thou not expire in tortures inflicted by those barbarians?"

"Compelled," replies the warrior, "to arm myself with this sword, I have not used it against my country: I was preparing to go over to your army: but I will expiate my involuntary crime . . . . . This stroke will rend your heart: but, atoning for the odious example I have set, it will be to the Batavians an eternal lesson." He said; and, plunging the steel into his own heart, his blood spouts forth upon his father, who presses him to his bosom. Together they fall to the ground: to-

gether they expire, the one by his own hand, the other overpowered by excess of grief.

At a distance from this melancholy scene, Irthur signalises his valour. By his side his beloved Idalyra undauntedly faces death, which she fears not on her own account; for her fears are all concentred in her husband's safety. While she partakes of his manly intrepidity, her presence damps his courage: aware that she closely follows his steps, he dares not venture to penetrate the thickest batallions of the foe. At this moment he advances against Mendoza, then hesitates, and recollects that Idalyra, a true, an affectionate bride, has her fate intimately interwoven with his.

"Thou demurrest!" cries Mendoza in a tone of haughty insult.—At these words, Irthur flies to attack him with such fury, that even an unconcerned spectator would have been terrified by the violent clash of their swords. What, then, must have been thy feelings, Idalyra—thou, who wast wont to inhale the fragrant souls of flowers, while reclined at ease on the banks of a pure stream, of which thou seemed'st the peaceful Naiad? Dreadfully different is the scene now before thee: these plains teem with carnage: thou breathest here the sulphureous blasts of war; and torrents of blood stream under thy feet.

As a flower agitated by the struggle of adverse winds, so trembles Idalyra at this moment. In vain does the battle rage around her on every side: she hears nothing, sees nothing, but the conflict of Irthur and Mendoza: in their fate her wholesoul is absorpt. Irthur is now threatened with an impending blow: alarmed at his danger, she wards off the stroke, and beats aside the Spaniard's sword; when, fired with additional fury, and like the vile insect, which, fed with blood, collects all its rage, and darts death in its envenomed sting, Mendoza triumphs over Irthur; for he strikes Idalyra. She falls: her blood streams over her pale cheek; and she breathes forth her soul into the winds.

Pale as the fallen Idalyra, Irthur no longer stands on his defence, but invokes death.—Savage Mendoza! after having barbarously mowed down so fair a flower, thy hand was preparing to complete thy victory over Irthur, when suddenly, animated by love and vengeance, he rushes on thee with furious effort, immolates thee, and stretches thy corse in the dust, stained with Idalyra's blood.

Meantime, preceded by the gory banner—as by a flaming meteor, the precursor of ruin and destruction—the widow of Horn moves from rank to rank, uplifting in her hands the funereal urn, and firing every breast with tenfold courage. Death frowns on her at each step; three warriors are struck to the ground by her side: still she advances undismayed, and braves the impending dangers. For the fourth time, the lightning blazes, and the brazen globe approaches. Fearless she presents her breast to its deadly stroke, when, lo! the flying ball drops harmless at the heroine's feet. "Horn!" she exclaims, "'tis to thee I am at this moment indebted for my preservation!"—Her presence and her intrepidity animate the Batavians: wherever she appears, they are invincible; and Egmont and Horn seem to participate their exploits.

But 'tis around William that all the most valiant heroes of the army assemble, as to the focus of collected dangers. There, Lewis, incensed that Alva has snatched the palm of victory from

his brow, represses with his single arm the efforts of numerous warriors. After the example of Lewis, Lumey, with a small number of associates, withstands an entire cohort—his bosom animated by the recollection that he was the first to land on the Batavian shore, and fired with the ambition of defending his recent trophies. The hero's son, young Maurice, is the rival of their glory. His first essays are made under happy auspices; and every thing announces that he will by turns display warlike stratagem and courage. How oft does his father's voice recall him from the thickest of the enemy's ranks, into which his over-ardent valour has hurried him! Lo! again he calls; but the youth does not obey his parent's admonition, till he has, under the eyes of Alva himself, snatched a Spanish standard, the first trophy of his victories. Aldegonde, in combating, watches over the safety of Maurice.—You also, Gallic warriors! hear a voice which cries aloud, and tells you that you promote your own cause in defending the Batavians.—The intrepid Swieten, too, signalises himself, together with Trelong, and Wassenar, who boasts his descent from the valiant Civilis, whose bravery he on this day equals.

But, among so many illustrious warriors, none surpasses the valour of William. Calm and serene amid the storm of war, he flies to meet danger in every quarter; and, as if engaged at once in various places, at the same moment that he parries the strokes which are levelled at himself, he directs the motions of all those heroes. Thus a skilful pilot, from whose hand the tempest is unable to wrest the helm, resists the rage of the winds and the waves; and, if the transient gleam of any star break through the thick canopy of clouds, his watchful eye instantly descries it; and conscious satisfaction beams on his placid countenance.

Meanwhile the angel who watches over the affairs of men, descends from the empyreal abodes: with a nod he assembles the scattered clouds, conceals the radiant glories of his face, and commands Night to spread her darkest mantle o'er the ensanguined plain. Immediately, preceded by Silence, Night mounts her ebon car, and advances through the heavens: but her first approach is not effectual to quell the fury of the combatants. The angel stretches forth his mighty arm: at his touch, the earth whirls more rapidly on her axis: the lingering luminary of day instantly sinks deep below the horizon, and profound darkness obscures the plain.

William, as well as the Batavians, not satisfied with barely defending themselves, wished by one last effort to break the enemy's ranks. But, compelled by the incumbent gloom to reserve that indefatigable courage for future occasions, "Alva," says he, "has suspended the combat. On this day, amid so many perils, it is sufficient that we have done more than render the victory doubtful. Leiden has seen us fight: we have supplied her with additional defenders: she will now be animated with invincible courage."

While Nassau pronounces these words, Alva hastily retires to strike a more formidable blow against the ramparts of Leiden. The retreat of the Batavians is less hasty, their march more slow and orderly. At length William regains his vessels, carrying with him numerous trophies won by the unconquerable valour of his army.

(*To be continued.*)

On the Return *of* Spring, *after a long and severe Winter.*
By Mr. J. M. L.

All hail to the snow-drop, first peeping from earth!
And hail to the bud that first swells on the bough!
In this bosom they give soft emotions their birth,
Chill'd by bitter misfortune and winter, till now. *Author's MS. Poem.*

Thus might the child of sorrow be supposed to exclaim, when the soft airs of spring, after a tedious and a severe winter, first shed their balmy breath upon his brow. Want and misfortune are poor companions during the period of winter; its hours are sufficiently cheerless to those who have every comfort around them; but, to the wretched, it is a time of incalculable misery. During winter, even Nature's self appears to mourn; desolation and death seem to be spreading themselves on every side.

"Then widow'd Nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy Death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign.
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But, when again spring's glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms her potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd Nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise." *Blacklock.*

The mind that exults not at the return of spring, must either claim our pity, or merit our contempt. There is something peculiarly, and almost indescribably delightful in it, that can only be felt by congenial minds. The completely sordid may be insensible to this delicious sensation, but to the soul—

. . . . "in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam"—

the rising snow-drop, the bursting bud, the warbling wood-bird, the frolic lamb, are all pregnant with a living lesson of the goodness of that great power who guides the seasons in their course;

"Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heav'n,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky."

There is something delightfully tranquillising in the hours of spring; we are snatched, as it were, all at once from the horrors and ravages of winter; all nature begins to smile; and man finds an unbought bliss in wandering through her works, and in observing the effect of spring upon them; his worst feelings are forgotten; for

"Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
Is melody?"

Surely not! Spring gives us more real pleasurable feeling than even summer and autumn, with all their glowing produce; indeed we anticipate all that pleasure, in addition to the joy we feel on our escape from the rigors of winter. If we see a field of rising corn, fancy carries us forward to the time, when in golden ripeness it shall lie in sheaves upon the plain: if we behold a tree covered with blossom, we not only feast our senses now upon its grateful odor, but we look onward to the day when the rich fruit shall hang upon the branches in clustered ripeness: if we mark the growth of the fresh verdure of our fields, and please ourselves with culling the wild flowerets of nature, still are our ideas carried forward to the time when a different sort of pleasure shall await us, in

beholding the lusty mower at his toil, the blooming haymaker at her gentle labor, and the farmer watching the haystack's growth, where he is laying up

"Food for his dumb ones in the wintry
storm."

Often have I felt all this in a ramble through the country with some friend; if that friend was a female, then have I said, with Thomson to his Amanda,

"Oh! come! and, while the rosy-footed
May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather, in their
prime,
Fresh-blooming flow'rs, to grace thy
braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their
sweet!"

Thousands, who are immured in the closeness of a city, still feel a delight at the return of spring. They embrace every little opportunity to remind themselves of it; and, even if their occupations prevent them from going into the country to enjoy their feelings in an extended way, still do they endeavour, by raising sickly plants, and by other contrivances, to bring the country into the town, as it has been called. I have been often, much pleased to see the mechanic busily employed at his garret window, in sowing seeds, and setting plants, where, alas! they will become blackened by falling soot, or be destroyed by rambling cats. I have met with many, who would laugh at all this, and call the poor man a fool for his pains; and I have pitied them for their laugh; for the circumstance tends to show, that nature, and the love of nature, are not yet dead in the soul of man. I would ask these laughers, if they never, either from sickness or some other cause, have been confined to their house in the midst of a crowded city during the time of spring; and if, during that confinement, they have never heard some poor female crying under the window, "Primroses, two bunches a penny." If they have, and did not find more heart-vibrating melody in the sound of that woman's voice, than in the complicated warbling of an opera singer, I am sorry for them. I am not ashamed to say, that I have been in such a situation; and, when the cry of primroses has for the first time reached my ear, I have been all at once transported by my fancy to the wild heath, or the lone wood's side, or the brook's flowery margin, where, in hours of health and ease, I had frequently rambled. These are thy feelings, Nature! the giver of all good has implanted them in our bosoms for the very best of purposes; and never may they be chilled in my breast, by the laugh of the fool, or the scorn of the skeptic! At this period, it may be said to those who own the best impulses of nature—

"For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows spring abroad; for you the teeming
clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the
world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you;
Ye flow'r of human race! In these green
days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-eyed Health
exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment
walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the pow'r of
kings
To purchase." *Thomson.*

Curiosity.

Curiosity, what a prevalent motive! what an attractive influence has novelty on the human mind! A strong desire of beholding something that we have never seen is implanted in the heart of man. To attain that

desirable object, difficulties are cheerfully surmounted, health is risqued, life is endangered, and no sacrifices are deemed too great. What but this insatiable thirst could stimulate the mind of a Cook while circumnavigating the globe, or that of a Parke, as he penetrated the inmost recesses of the deserts of Africa? But these anxious desires are not confined to those who plough the watery plain in quest of undiscovered isles, or to such as are traversing continents, in search of novel scenes: the breast of the peasant is no stranger to these emotions; and the bosom of the milkmaid oft palpitates in unison.

I was led to these observations, by being present, during the severe weather in January last, at a mountebank exhibition, the sight of which was productive of the following extemporaneous effusion—

Arise, fond muse! howe'er unus'd to sound
Thy simple shell in such a noisy scene,
Where the loud laugh and "cheek-distending oath,"
Would drown thy song: yet make a weak essay;
Though—like the red-breast, when the sleety gale
Benumbs its frame—thou tun'st thy pipe forlorn.
As round I gaze upon the gladsome throng,
And mark their eager looks and vacant smiles,
I smile too: but 'tis folly such as theirs
My levity provokes, while thus the muse,
Although unus'd to the satiric strain,
Pursues her theme—
"Who are the fools? Not they, whose merry pranks
And vulgar wit divert the gaping crowd;
Whose antic fooleries and quick retorts
Provide their daily bread, perhaps supply
A rosy group of little ones with food.
Who are the fools then? You assembled throng,
Who leave their social homes, and warm fire-sides—
While yon surrounding hills are topp'd with snow—
For such a scene of vanity as this.
'Tis novelty attracts—some new exploit
Of wonderful agility—the hope,
The futile hope, to gain the offer'd prize—
That from each neighb'ring hamlet draws the host
Which forms this ring capacious. Here are seen
Mild infancy, and youth of florid face,
The girl, the maid, the widow, and the wife,
Full ripen'd man, and silver-bearded age,
All wond'ring, and all glad.
With folly tir'd, and chill'd by the keen blast,
I left the spot abruptly, sought my home,
Where, on a well-pil'd fire, "the bubbling urn
Sent up a smoky column;" where the prate
Of smiling babes dispens'd a grateful charm,
And ev'ry social comfort cheer'd my heart.

To me 'tis an unpleasing consideration, that, while many men of genius, whose scholastic attainments and scriptural researches are devoted to the enlightening and reforming of mankind, are pining in obscurity, or starving on a curacy, this itinerant mountebank adventurer shall realise more money in an afternoon, than many of them (though respectable for mental endowments) can gain for their labors in three months. If such the degraded taste of modern times, well might a Chatterton perish, a Burns be neglected, and a Cowper pass the prime of his days in that mediocrity of circumstances, which made the postage of a letter an object to him!

Perusing lately a small poem, entitled "The Impotence of Genius," I was forcibly struck with the truth of the author's observations. The piece is inscribed to a promising youth, who was about to launch his little skiff on the stormy ocean of literature. The poet thus addresses the aspiring genius—

"Say to what point thy vain ambition draws:—
Is it the airy bubble of applause?
What are thy talents? canst thou swallow fire?
Vault o'er a chaise, or walk upon a wire?

Dost thou in feats of horsemanship excel?
Hast thou a voice, or dost thou fiddle well?
Such are the talents which the world admires,
While slighted merit in disgust retires."

But, to return from this digression—Curiosity, when restricted within due bounds, and devoted to proper objects, has, without doubt, its utility. Were it not for this stimulus, the numerous inventions and discoveries which enrich commerce, and embellish life, would have been unknown. A Bacon would not have examined the mineral world, or a Newton scanned the rolling glories of the skies. But, in little minds, this prevalent passion has a very contrary, a mischievous effect; for it diverts the attention from matters of the highest importance, while trifles "light as air," and far beneath the dignity of a rational being, engross the whole mind, unnerve the arm of industry, and eventually bring in poverty, and every concomitant evil that lurks in her dreary train.

I once knew a widow, whom I shall call Melissa, who kept a small shop in a country town. She was placed in a snug desirable situation, and made a respectable appearance, and might have gained a decent maintenance, if she had not been afflicted with an insatiable curiosity to know her neighbours' business. No sacrifice of time was thought too great, if she could but obtain relief from the painful anxiety of not knowing the motives of another's conduct. If a well-dressed stranger appeared in the neighbourhood, she was on the alert to know whence he came, and his business there. If a curricle, or a coach and four, stopped at an adjacent inn, she was seen hurrying to the landlady (with whom, to have her curiosity satisfied, she cultivated an intimacy) wishing to be informed, whether her guest abounded in riches, or was decorated with a title, and to mark the dress of the attendant ladies, examine their persons, and scrutinise their demeanour. In such egregious trifling as this she spent her time, till, as a necessary consequence, her trade declined, and importunate creditors obliged her to seek an asylum in London, where she lately died in obscure lodgings, amidst a scene which indicated extreme distress, and "variety of wretchedness."

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, March, 19, 1814.

The LOVE *of* FAME *beneficial to Mankind.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

A FONDNESS for fame is to be found in the breast of almost every human being, however low his situation may be; for fame, like every other sublunary thing, has its gradations. The poor rustic, who can neither read nor write, is proud of the fame of being the best at ploughing, sowing, or reaping; the man in middle life is proud to be thought a pattern of integrity and honesty; and his greatest fame is to hear it said of him, that no one has it in his power to ask him for a penny as a debt, and that no deserving object in want, asking him for one as a boon, would be denied. So the fondness for fame travels upwards, seldom choosing any pursuit to gratify its just and laudable longings, that is not productive of good to mankind in general.

Thus the public writer tells you that the good of his country is his sole object; that he devotes his time, his studies, his every thing, to that only end. He advises his countrymen to be just and generous, to be loyal to their king, and devoted, in the hour of danger, to their country's welfare; to be gentle as the timid

lamb in peace, but terrible as the hungry tiger in war. These he describes to be his feelings; and the nation hails him at once as a man deserving well of his country. Far be it from me to say, that, in this land of liberty, we have not had many authors who have so written, and whose feelings have been really as genuine as they have described them to be: doubtless, we have. Still I would argue, that the love of fame not unfrequently produces effects precisely similar; and the end is equally answered, as far at least as the public is concerned. True it is, that, in the case of a man so writing only from the love of fame, although his general purpose might be in a great measure accomplished by the almost unanimous praise of the multitude; yet would the stings and arrows of petty criticism wound him to the soul; for, although thousands may be delighted and improved by the labors of his pen, yet will busy malice, or prying curiosity, find some few straggling faults in his productions; and, looking at them with the magnifying gaze of ill-nature, will soon turn his pleasure to pain. This would not be the case with the man whose productions came warm from the heart, whose appeals to his countrymen were the unbought energies of a soul really devoted to his country's best interests: he would hear the shout of praise from the many: it would sink upon his heart like the dew of night on the fainting flower—so soft and so refreshing. In vain, after this, would be the petty snarlings of criticism, or the loud tongue of envy, proclaiming some blemishes in a work that had gained its author a fame which his traducer in vain sighs for. They might indeed reach his ear: but, like the waves driven by the blast against the rock, they would find him too firm in the satisfaction of his own soul, to heed their brawlings.

Such men as these, however, are seldom found; and the love of fame must be oftener looked to as the impulse, than any thing else.

The love of fame does infinite service to the cause of charity. This kind of fame is more frequently known by the name of ostentation: but it is still the same sort of feeling; and we must not quarrel with the motive, where so much benefit is produced, as we see in the name of charity. Yet it cannot be denied, that to stand at the head of a long list of contributors, or to have one's name set down for the largest sum in the list, affords a great inducement for many minds to become charitable. The love of postumous fame has not unfrequently benefited mankind very largely; and men, who have only been known in their lives as penurious and miserly beings, have, by their dying bequests, founded alms-houses; portioned out apprentices; given dowers for trusty servant maids; and made the widow's and the orphan's heart rejoice.

The love of fame that fills the bosom of a statesman, as often operates to the injury of mankind, as to their benefit. The history of the world can furnish numerous examples, to illustrate both sides of the question; and their memories are either execrated or blessed in consequence.

The love of fame that inspires the warrior's bosom, has generally been esteemed the most injurious to mankind; and the noble-minded soldier has been too often, I think unjustly, censured accordingly. I cannot but think that the warrior's love of fame, and love of country, is as honest and as genuine, as that of any peaceable, home-loving man. Warriors have been described as blood-thirsty, as

delighting in ruin and devastation; as finding music in the cries and groans of suffering humanity. Unquestionably there have been many leaders of armies unnecessarily cruel; but most of such men have been gaining dominion for themselves; have been wading through the blood of their fellow men to establish themselves on some throne wrested from its rightful possessor. But it should be remembered, that the generality of wars have been caused either by the intrigues of statesmen, or the weakness or ambition of kings; and the men, sent out under such circumstances, to fight the battles of their country, consider themselves as performing a most honorable duty; and much allowance must be made for the excesses a soldier may commit, on the score of education and habits. Certainly the warrior's love of fame but seldom produces any real benefit to mankind; and, in what I have said, I only wish to rescue the brave soldier's name from much unmerited obloquy.

On the whole, I think it appears very plainly, that what is called the love of fame, is productive of much more good than harm to mankind in general.

The Musical Wife.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

As public censure is sometimes effectual, where private expostulation has been disregarded, I venture to add my name to the list of Benedicts *, who, through the channel of your Magazine, have either sought the relief of complaint, or tried the experiment of exposure, toward reforming the foibles of their helpmates.

I married a relation of my own, in a different part of the kingdom, with a large fortune. The connexion originated rather in family negotiation, than my own wishes; but, once gained to the cause, I insensibly grew zealous for its success.

In the days of courtship, there is seldom much acuteness of observation. The man who hopes to obtain a rich, handsome, and elegant young woman, is too much engrossed by the expected happiness of his lot, to calculate the possible evils that may arise, to counterbalance it. I was also of a disposition which inclined me to set a double value on every thing that I could call my own; and I doubted not that I should find,

> " How much the wife was dearer than the bride."

Previously to our nuptials, I had sometimes thought that my intended partner was too fond of the fine arts; and more than once was I hurt to observe, that, while engaged with a *cantata* or *concerto*, she seemed to receive my assiduity with indifference. This, however, was but a trifle: and I did not fear, that, when her attention should be engrossed by more important objects, the amusements of her " virgin state" would hold but a secondary rank in her estimation.

Immediately after our marriage, we went to London; and there, as is, I believe, generally the case with new-married husbands, I unhappily yielded to the full indulgence of her taste, instead of endeavouring to model it to mine.

Music, Mr. Editor, has been the bane of my repose: for, since that unfortunate epoch, she has attended to it, not as a source of occasional recreation, but as a science, preferable to every other, and almost necessary to her existence.—Her pursuit of it is like that of the tra-

* See, in our past Numbers, the " Industrious Wife"—the " Romantic Wife" —the " Rich Wife."

veller led away by the *ignis fatuus,* or that of some enthusiast, who, possessed by one idea only, disregards every thing that is not in some degree connected with the delusive chimera that engrosses all his faculties.

The calm and sober concerns of domestic life want power to interest a mind so highly wrought. Her station in society yields an exemption from attending to the *minutiæ* of family arrangements; and, where all appears to go on well, she sees not the necessity of conforming to the wishes of her husband, or studying the real welfare of her children.

Our sons are sent from the nursery to school: our two daughters—poor girls!—almost from the time they were capable of distinct articulation, were committed to the care of a musical governess. To the study of that favorite science so many hours of the day are appropriated, that they must either remain ignorant of every thing else, or sacrifice health and strength to the attainment of knowledge.

The elder of them inherits her mother's taste, and already, with no small portion of vanity, anticipates the admiration she shall receive, and the conquests she shall make, by means of this darling accomplishment. The younger, on the contrary, I have the mortification to see in a state approaching to misery, from the abhorrence she entertains toward her constant employment, and anticipating no pleasure, in escaping the restraint of the nursery, except that of giving up music, and emancipating herself, from what she terms the tyranny of her mother.

From myself, meanwhile, the felicity resulting from a union of taste and similarity of disposition is wholly banished; for I have the pain of seeing my wife prefer the company of every pretender or professor of her favorite science, to the society of her husband.

The moment we reach London, I hear nothing but music, or what relates to it; and, from the day we return into the country, my mansion is thronged by a succession of all the *amateurs*, whether resident or itinerant, who can make either a convenience or pleasure in visiting us. Men, that ought to be kicked out of company, often appear at our table; women, ignorant of the common rules of good behaviour, disgrace our 'drawing-room; and so wholly tasteless am I, that I cannot regard their *notes*, as any compensation for their intrusions.

An ample fortune happily prevents the pecuniary difficulties in which, with a more limited income, this expensive folly would otherwise involve us; yet, alas! with health, affluence, and every apparent mean of enjoyment, I am miserable, through the unbounded zeal that my wife displays for one object, which engrosses her whole attention. In short, with a superabundance of *music*, we have no *harmony*: the dæmon of discord reigns paramount over us. Sometimes, in moments of irritation, I have meditated on a separation: but my conscience, and, in fact, my affection, will not allow me to abandon the woman I have vowed to protect, to a set of associates, who would then speedily complete the injuries they have already begun.

Do not, sir, mistake me so far as to think this detail proceeds from a querulous disposition, or a captious jealousy of my wife's preference of a study for which I confess nature has not gifted me with any violent predilection.—In moderation I approve it; in the hours of gaiety, it may exhilarate; in those of sorrow, it

may sooth: yet, when pursued to the exclusion of all others, it becomes, if not criminal, at least, foolish and disreputable. It has already alienated and disgusted several of our family friends, and most completely annoyed, Sir, your obedient humble servant, EDWARD.

A Thought on READING.

How various are the modes of reading, we all know:—one man shall fairly read his auditors to sleep, while another, by his different enunciation of the very same passages, shall electrify and astonish them. The former effect proceeds often from carelessness, but more frequently from a want of judgement. Sometimes, indeed, it arises from a mistaken notion of superiority in the mind of the reader over the poor author, who is thus left exposed to the mercy, or rather to the want of mercy, of a prejudiced and ill-judging critic.—If a reader does not endeavour to enter into the feelings which his author was likely to experience at the time of writing, he will vainly attempt to interest his hearers; and the lucubrations of the sorrowful man, the lover, or the historian, will be little felt, if delivered in a tame uninteresting, dull manner. There ought to be a corresponding sensation in the mind of the reader: he should be carried away with the rapturous soarings of the poet: he should be warmed and elated by the wit of one author, and feel a depression of sorrow at the calamities of another:—then, and then only, will his auditors follow him with pleasure and delight. How happens it, else, that, on the stage, so much is often made of a little by a fine actor? He fairly imagines himself the being he represents, and so contrives to give his audience some of the finest touches of nature, which reach at once to every bosom; for it must be remembered, that acting is only reading aided by pantomime. J. M. L.

Modern EDUCATION.

ON the important subject of feminine Education, we find the following remarks in a recent publication, entitled, "*A Picture of Society, or the Misanthropist.*"

"From the system of education now adopted, the females of the present day are not likely to stamp a very dignified character on the young men whom they influence; they are frivolous, vain, and superficial; so zealous in the pursuit of a splendid establishment, that their hearts are insensible to merit; and any titled profligate or wealthy fool is certain of being preferred before the most exalted character. I should be sorry to see female education confined to cookery and tent stitch; but I observe with regret the valuable time that is wasted in acquiring a variety of superficial accomplishments, while the culture of the mind, which alone can render woman permanently pleasing and useful in society, is neglected. It is true, the ephemeral productions of the day are universally read by females: but this is all very superficial: they read enough to set them talking; but they are as far from knowing how to think, as if they had never opened a book. Accomplishment is now so much the mania of the day, that we see the daughters of the humblest mechanic studying the ornamental, instead of the useful, branches of female education.

"I should wish to see a woman learned enough to think justly, and converse rationally; to add to the charms of society by those light and affecting touches which the heart alone can inspire, but which require the polish of literature to express with elegance and grace, which

makes wit at once poignant and delicate, and tempers gaiety by a habit of thinking and reasoning. Nature should be ornamented, not distorted; and, while literary taste renders a woman independent of society, and enables her to dispense with those frivolous pleasures which often lead her into scenes of extravagance and dissipation, it also fits her to be the companion of a man of sense, and to reward a life of study and thought, by an intelligent participation in his pursuits."

On the education of the other sex, we add an extract from the "*Sermons*" of the late Dr. Croft, which well merits the attention of parents and guardians.

"A tendency to dissipation arises from a prevailing vice or fault of the present age, which is the want of domestic discipline. Children are suffered too much to do what is right in their own eyes; and idleness is encouraged under the plea of consulting bodily health, and rendering their employment easy and delightful; whereas we should never hold out to them any such hope. We ought to tell them that the same God, who ordained that man should reap the fruits of the earth by the sweat of his brow, ordained also, that the fruits of knowledge of every kind should only be acquired by unwearied industry. We should acknowledge that the first elements are far from affording delight, but that hereafter they will lead to happiness and comfort. In learning most of the ordinary occupations of life, much time is spent; and a salutary law was made, however useless it may be in the present day, that no one should be established in such occupations, till he had been sufficiently instructed how to perform his duty in them. How different is the practice with respect to literary attainments! what absurd excuses are framed to retard the acquisition of learning! what absurd choice is made of those seminaries wherein much is promised, and, for want of knowledge in the teachers, and diligence in the learners, little is performed! All the exhortations of Solomon, of the wise son of Sirach, and of St. Paul, to godly discipline and salutary restraint, are entirely disregarded. Fortunately, there are many who have not bowed the knee to this Baal, this God of dulness and absurdity. Yet, still it is not to be dissembled, that the corrupt practices of the world have introduced a degree of dissipation even into our best seminaries, which no vigilance of instructors can prevent: for, as long as the mistaken generosity of parents and others shall continue to counteract or undermine the wholesome rules of moral and literary discipline, so long there will be a pernicious leaven, which may at last leaven the whole lump; and it is no uncommon misfortune to see learning and libertinism united in the same character, to see him who has delighted us by the brilliancy of his talents, mortify us by the imprudence and licentiousness of his conduct."

The DEATH *of* NELSON.

MR. Southey, in his "*Life of Lord Nelson*," thus describes the lamentable, though glorious, exit of that gallant hero, whose memory will be ever dear to the British nation, and whom our fair readers will recollect to have fallen in the moment of victory, in the engagement with the combined French and Spanish fleets, off Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave

orders to cease firing upon the Redoutable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and, at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and, as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let

my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh! no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, So great, that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken, he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly;—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw, the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton."....."Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner:" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult: but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The Force of PATRIOTIC FEELING.

(From Chateaubriand's "Beauties of Christianity.")

A SAVAGE is more powerfully attached to his hut, than a prince to his palace; and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with

his golden corn-fields. Ask a Scotch Highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them whithersoever he goes; he sighs for his rocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung by his forefathers. He pines if he is prevented from returning to his native clime. He is a mountain plant, which must be rooted among rocks; it cannot thrive, unless it be assailed by the winds and the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sun-shine of the plain, it quickly droops and dies.

With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! with what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence! And who can be more happy than the Esquimaux in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climates compared to the snows of Labrador, and all our palaces to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring with his wife on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this frozen mass. The mountain waves over the deep its trees of snow, and the whales accompany it on the dark bosom of Ocean. The hardy savage, covered with the spray of the billows, amid tempestuous whirlwinds and driving snows, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.

It is when we are at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we seek to feed ourselves with dreams; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is not one who has sucked the breast of woman, but has drunk of the cup of illusions. Sometimes it is a cottage which is situated like the paternal habitation; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromachè gives the name of Simoïs to a brook*. And what an affecting object is this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river of her native country! Remote from the soil which gave us birth, all nature is diminished, and is but the shadow of that which we have lost.

Another artifice of the love of country is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to cherish even the inanimate things which have shared our destiny: a portion of life remains attached to the down on which our prosperity slumbered, and still more to the straw which counted the vigils of our adversity: the wounds of the soul, like those of the body, leave their impression upon whatever they touch. The vulgar have an energetic expression to describe that languor which oppresses the soul, when away from our country. "That man," say they, "is home-sick†." A sickness it really is, and there is no cure for it but returning. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity? How few of those whom we left behind in the vigor of health are still alive! Here are tombs, where once stood palaces; there rise palaces, where we left tombs; the paternal field is overgrown with briars, or cultivated by the plough of a stranger; and the tree, beneath which we frolicked in our boyish days, is cut down.

* Virgil, Æneïd, 3.

† See page 161 of our present Number.

It is said that a Frenchman, who was obliged to withdraw during the reign of terror, purchased, with the little he had left, a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. Having no money, there was no hospitality for him. When he was driven from one shore, he passed, without complaining, to the other: and frequently driven from both banks, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but men disputed with him the relief sent by Providence, and grudged him a few little fishes which had fed his hungry children. At night he went to collect dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till he returned. This family, which could be reproached with nothing but their misfortunes, had not on the vast globe a single spot of ground on which they durst set their feet. Obliged to lead the life of outcasts, among four great civilised nations, their only consolation was, that, while they wandered in the vicinity of France, they could sometimes inhale the breeze which had passed over their native land.

If it were to be asked, What are then those powerful ties by which we are bound to the place of our nativity; those ties, which are such a strong proof of the goodness of God, and consequently of his existence? we confess we should be at a loss for a reply. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us, and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by an aged servant; finally, it is by circumstances the most simple, or, if you please, the most trivial; a dog that barked at night in the fields; a nightingale that returned every year to the orchard; the nest of the swallow over the window, the village clock that appeared above the trees, the church-yard yew, or the Gothic tomb. Yet the insignificance of these means demonstrates so much the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of great patriotic virtues, unless by the appointment of the Almighty himself.

Character and Downfall of Cardinal Alberoni.

Of this extraordinary man, who, from an humble Italian origin, rose to be prime minister of Spain under Philip V. Mr. Coxe relates the following particulars in his "Memoirs of the Kings of Spain."

According to the description of contemporaries, Alberoni was of low stature, rather full than thin, plain in his features, and with a head too large in proportion to his height and size. But his look was peculiarly quick and piercing, and perfectly characteristic of his ardent and aspiring mind, though tempered with an expression of sweetness and dignity. His voice was flexible and melodious; and, when he endeavoured to conciliate or persuade, assumed a tone and accent, which gave irresistible force to his language. Though habituated to courts and camps; though accustomed to the intercourse of polished and lettered society; and though, on occasions which roused his loft[y] spirit, he assumed an air and tone [of] dignity becoming his high stati[on,] yet he never lost the original coar[se]ness of his manner, derived from [his] mean birth and early connexions.

In the endowment of his mind [na]ture seems to have lavished the [gifts] which she had withheld from hi[s per]son. At once a scholar and [a man] of the world, he had equally [profited] by study and experience.

his classical acquirements, he possessed a vast fund of information, in almost every branch of human knowledge; and his letters and conversation prove him scarcely less master of the French and Spanish, than of his native language. With intense and indefatigable application, he united great strength of memory, quickness of comprehension, and grace of expression; and a fertility of resource, which extorts our admiration. He possessed the talent of insinuation in the highest degree; and a natural air of sincerity, frankness, and candor, which seldom failed of persuading, when he wished to persuade, and of deceiving, when it was his interest to deceive. He was irritable and impetuous; but he was so far master of passions highly dangerous to a negotiator, that, in all his conversations, which are exactly detailed by the French and English envoys, we never discover, amidst the most vehement sallies, a single instance in which he was provoked to betray his purposes, or unveil his impenetrable secrecy, either by look or gesture. Temperate in his habits and mode of life, he made a boast, which is uncontradicted by his adversaries, that, amidst the various avocations of his high station, he had strictly conformed to the decorum and duties of is ecclesiastical profession.

Though gentle to inferiors, he was ertinacious, and impatient of con- idiction, proud and overbearing h his equals and superiors, and cely deigned to curb his haughty t even in the presence of his eigns. By the confession even friends, he possessed in a high that vindictive spirit, which ibuted to his countrymen; a still higher, that dissimula- ith which they are equally His ambition was lofty unded: but, little scrupulous with regard to the means, provided he attained the end, he often debased the grandeur of his designs, by the manner of their execution. In a word, he was one of those gigantic characters, which form a compound of extraordinary qualities and extraordinary defects; born to rise in defiance of every obstacle, to change the fate of nations, and alike distinguished in success and adversity, power and disgrace.

A plan was formed by the courts of England and France, to effect his downfall, the execution of which was left to the Regent*, because, to consummate skill in the arts of court intrigue, he united the most effectual means for influencing the Spanish cabinet. He easily gained D'Aubenton (the royal confessor) who was alienated from Alberoni, for endeavouring to supplant him by an Italian adherent, father di Castro. The confessor accordingly indisposed Philip against the person and character of the minister. He depicted his plans as extravagant in themselves, and hostile to the interests of Spain; and expatiated on the disorder introduced into every department of state, to keep the sovereign in dependence, and ignorant of the real situation of affairs. This attack was seconded by private representations from Platania and Caraccioli, two Sicilian abbots of good family, high in the confidence of Philip; and finally by memorials from Ripperda (a Dutch adventurer), who, after renouncing his religion and country, to establish himself in Spain, had obtained too distinguished a portion of the royal favor, not to become the object of jealousy and displeasure to the minister.

These united representations made a considerable impression on the mind of a sovereign peculiarly te-

* Of France—the Duke of Orléans.

nacious of his authority. But the stroke which levelled the towering greatness of Alberoni, came from his protectress, the queen. For the purpose of gaining this princess, Lord Peterborough, under the pretext of a journey through Italy, opened a communication with the Duke of Parma. It was not difficult to persuade a prince, whose situation exposed him to insult, who was alarmed by the progress of the imperialists, and had been mortified by the ostentation of his former subject. His agency was therefore employed to influence his niece, who still retained a warm affection towards her family and native country. The Marquis of Scotti, Parmesan envoy, was accordingly sent back to Madrid, with ample instructions from his sovereign, the regent, and the king of England; and his zeal was quickened by the liberal present of fifty thousand crowns.

But even the privileges of Scotti, as a confidential minister, would scarcely have sufficed to baffle the vigilance, or avert the vengeance, of his wily countryman, had not this complicated intrigue been favored by an agent of more importance than celebrity, Laura Pescatore, originally the nurse of the queen, and now her *assafeta*, or first woman of the bed-chamber, who, from the influence of early habits, possessed a great share in the affection, if not the confidence, of her royal mistress. This woman, a native of the same parish as Alberoni, and of parentage no less obscure, was imbued with that vanity, which is frequently the companion of vulgar minds, in sudden elevation. Her upstart pride was wounded by the state affected by her equally ignoble countryman; and she revenged herself, by singing and repeating to her royal mistress the numerous pasquinades, which the fertile and satirical genius of the Spaniards daily produced against his administration. She thus unconsciously prepared the way for a more serious attack; and the power of ridicule had already associated the person and character of the minister with ideas of contempt, long before his abilities and services had ceased to inspire the respect which they deserved.

By the intervention of Donna Laura, Scotti obtained a private interview with the queen, in which he developed the mischiefs resulting from the plans of Alberoni; and, in the name of the English and French governments, assured her of a more certain and substantial aggrandisement for herself and her family, than she could expect from his most successful efforts, if she would contribute to his dismission. However grateful for his services, and however sensible of his talents, she was too much discouraged by his ill success to resist the temptation, and joined her decisive voice to the cabals already directed against the falling minister.

The attack was conducted with perfect secrecy, and Alberoni experienced no apparent diminution of the royal favor; for, on the evening, the last of his political life, he transacted business with the king, and held a long conference with Scotti. But, on the following morning, the king departed to the Prado; and, as if to give greater publicity to his disgrace, instead of the usual letter of dismission, left a royal decree, to be transmitted to him by the Marquis of Tolosa, one of the secretaries of state, announcing his removal from all political power, and enjoining him to quit Madrid in eight days, and the Spanish dominions in three weeks.

Before he withdrew from the political scene, he experienced a revulsion of the public sentiment, which has seldom occurred in the

history of disgraced ministers. Detested as a foreigner and an upstart, and loaded with popular execration, while in power, the moment of disgrace became the signal of a triumph as flattering as it was unexpected. A chivalrous and high-spirited nation overlooked his errors, his faults, and his misfortunes, in the recollection of his superior talents and meritorious services: at his last levee, such a crowd of nobles, gentry, and clergy flocked to pay their final respects, and condole with him in his disgrace, as he had never witnessed even in the height of power. The king was alarmed and chagrined by this proof of public esteem, and ordered him to take his departure a day before the term originally prescribed.

If the circumstances of his fall were honorable to the minister himself, they were degrading to his sovereign. Philip and the queen had scarcely dismissed him, before they imputed the whole blame of the war [of 1718] to his turbulent spirit. With equal want of dignity and generosity, they lamented his ascendency, loaded him with unmerited accusations, and meanly joined in the persecution of a minister, whose principal crime was the zeal and fidelity with which he had labored to realise their vast designs. In the second audience which they granted to the British embassador, they declared that Alberoni had invariably deceived them, and prostituted their royal names to others; that his impostures tended no less to the detriment of the public, than to that of individuals; that he employed a secretary who could imitate every hand; and had shown them forged letters for the purpose of ruining in their opinion, and removing, those whom he suspected; that his suspicions usually fell on persons of character; and that there was no crime of which he was not capable, even of poisoning and assassination. For these reasons they entreated the king of England to employ his interest with the regent and emperor, for the purpose of prevailing on the pope to deprive him of the purple, and retain him in perpetual confinement. These cruel accusations were the prelude to the most bitter persecutions. Spain even vied with the allied powers in pursuing Alberoni with a virulence and vengeance of which recent periods have seldom shown an example, in regard to a minister charged with no specific and heinous crime.

It is gratifying to contemplate the behaviour of extraordinary men in those trying situations which shake the firmest mind: and, fortunately, the general interest attached to the character and habits of Alberoni, enables us to indulge this curiosity. In the struggle of contending passions, which followed his disgrace, the exiled minister sought consolation in a work, which is calculated to inspire contempt for the delusive vanities of a transitory world. A copy of Thomas à Kempis "*de Imitatione Christi**" is preserved in the ducal library at Parma, with marginal remarks in his own hand, recording the ordinary events of his journey, and other occurrences, which show it to have been his daily companion. The bitterness of adversity was, however, no sooner past, than the deep-rooted habits of the scholar and the statesman again predominated. The anecdotes preserved of his late conversations, prove, that, in the tranquil portion of his varied life, he again recurred to the cultivation of classic literature, and, over the pages of Tacitus and Livy, revived the memory of former greatness and past enterprises.

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* Of the Imitation of Christ.

Anecdotes of Peter *the* Great.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

Although Peter was unpolished himself, he liked the society of ladies, who, when they possessed any merit, had great influence over him: and one of the most efficacious remedies, which could be administered to him for those convulsions or spasms, to which he was liable, was the sight of a beautiful woman, whose presence alone calmed and relieved him.

His constant and tender attachment for Catharine Skavronski is well known. He was cruel towards her son, whom he caused to be condemned to death by the sentence of a tribunal, which he had himself dictated; but it must be remembered that this son hated his father, and all his innovations, was entirely governed by men attached to ancient customs and ancient barbarism, by ecclesiastics who were the declared enemies of all the improvements of Peter; and that, consequently, the monarch had no choice left but to put him to death, or submit to the total destruction of the fruits of all his own labors, which his son would have infallibly occasioned upon his ascension to the throne. This action of Peter's deserves to be compared to that of Brutus, who sacrificed his sons for the good of his country.

After this tragic event, Peter had by Catharine another son, whose name was Petrowitch, and in whom, as his sole remaining heir, all his hopes were centred. At the age of a year and a half, he lost him; and, unable to support this severe calamity, he fell into a deep melancholy, neglected his affairs and the care of his empire, and, strictly prohibiting every one from approaching him, shut himself up in his apartment, and gave way to his grief. Catharine, who had to sustain her own affliction as well as that of the Czar, terrified at the condition in which he had already continued some days, and not daring herself to interrupt his retirement, applied to the senator Dolgorucki, a man of weight, talents, and integrity, attached to the Czar and to his country, and who had, deservedly, great influence over the mind of that prince. Dolgorucki readily promised to leave nothing untried which might induce the Czar to abandon his grief and his solitude; and, assembling the senate, he caused them to follow him to the door of the Czar's apartment. After knocking loudly several times without receiving any answer, he called the Emperor by his name, uttering, at the same time, exclamations of terror, which at length alarmed the Czar, who approached, and, demanding what man durst disobey the orders he had given to be left alone, was answered by the intrepid senator, that the empire would be lost, unless he appeared; that, for want of his presence, the most important matters were suspended, and that, if he did not himself resume the direction of public affairs, they should be under the necessity of electing a new sovereign, since the government could not be carried on without a head. The Czar, struck with the firmness of Dolgorucki, and astonished at language so unusual, yielded to persuasion, and, quitting his retreat, immediately followed him to the senate, where the multiplicity of public affairs, and the cares of government, soon made him forget his grief and his loss.

(*To be continued.*)

Prognostics *of the* Weather.

(*From Mr. Taylor's "Complete Weather Guide."*)

1. The shooting or falling star precedes a change of wind.

2. If clouds appear gradually to diminish, and dissolve into the air, so as to become invisible, it is an indication of fine weather.

3. If the sky, after being for a long time serene and blue, become fretted and spotted with small undulated clouds not unlike the waves of the sea, rain will speedily follow.

4. It not unfrequently happens that two different currents of clouds appear. These are certain signs of rain, particularly if the lower current fly swiftly before the wind. Should two such currents appear during summer or hot weather, they announce a speedy thunder-storm.

5. Previously to heavy rains, especially at the approach of a thunder-storm, each cloud becomes larger than the former; and all are visibly increased in size.

6. When the solar rays break through the clouds, and are visible in the air, it shows that the atmosphere is filled with vapors, which will speedily be converted into rain.

7. If clouds are formed like fleeces, deep and dense (or thick and close) toward the middle, the edges being very white, while the surrounding sky is very bright and blue, they are of a frosty coldness, and will speedily fall (according to the season) either in hail, snow, or hasty showers of rain.

8. So, if clouds appear high in the air, in thin white trains like locks of wool or horses' tails, they indicate that the vapors are spread and scattered by contrary winds above; and that a storm of wind, probably accompanied by rain, will soon blow below.

9. When the air is hazy, so that the solar light fades gradually, and looks white, rain will most certainly follow. In like manner, if the moon and stars grow dim in the night, and the air also be hazy, and a *halo*, ring, or bur, appear round the moon, it is a sure sign of rain.

10. If, in a very wet season, the sky is tinged with a sea-green color near the bottom, where it ought to be blue, it shows, that rain will speedily follow and increase. When it is of a deep, dead blue, it is overcharged with vapors, and the weather will be showery.

11. When the sun appears white at the setting, or goes down into a bank of clouds which lie in the horizon, they indicate the approach or continuance of bad weather.

12. When it rains with an East wind, it will probably continue for twenty-four hours.

13. The heaviest rains, when of long continuance, generally begin with the wind blowing easterly, which gradually veers round to the south; and the rains do not cease, until the wind has got to the West, or a little North-west.

14. While rain is falling, if any small space of the sky be observable, it is almost a certain sign that the rain will speedily cease.

15. If the clouds, that move with the wind, become stationary when they arrive at that part of the horizon which is opposite to the wind, and appear to accumulate, they announce a speedy fall of rain.

16. A rain-bow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning*:
But a rain-bow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

17. If a rain-bow appear in fair weather, foul will follow; if in foul, fair will follow.—A double rain-bow indicates much rain.

18. Synopsis of the colors of the rain-bow.—The *purple* shows wind and rain; the *dark-red*, tempestu-

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* Or, as *we* have heard it expressed,
A rain-bow i' th' morning
To the shepherd is warning. EDIT.

mus; the *light-red*, wind: the *yellow* shows dry weather: the *green* denotes rain; the *blue*, that the air is clearing.—By a careful observance of these colors, it may easily be calculated, what weather will follow.

19. If an *Aurora Borealis* appear after several warm days, it is generally succeeded by a coldness of the air

20. If the *Aurora Borealis* has been considerable, either an increased degree of cold is immediately produced, or bodies of clouds are formed.

Sicilian Mode of extorting CONFESSION *from reputed* CRIMINALS.

WHERE there is an insufficiency of evidence, in cases of criminal prosecution, (says Mr. Blaquiere in his "Letters from the Mediterranean") the *damusa* is resorted to. This vestige of Gothic barbarism and cruelty can only be exceeded by the rack, and is by far more frequently fatal to those who are doomed to undergo the process. Damusas are attached to all the public prisons in Sicily, and consist of a cell cut under ground, just large enough to contain one person; the door is made of iron, and only two feet and a half high, so that the air is altogether excluded, except from a small hole at the top: the bottom is paved with sharp pointed stones. Those destined to experience this most inhuman and cruel trial, are put in here, and loaded with chains fastened to the legs above the ancles, which often weigh sixty and even eighty pounds. Bread and water are the only food or sustenance; and the prisoner's continuance there is extended sometimes to forty days, if not dead before: there are instances of people who have survived the damusa; but they are by no means frequent. It generally happens that an ulcer is created where the irons are put on; and in that case a mortification is almost sure to follow. A shocking instance of barbarity, connected with this subject, occurred a few days ago; the captain of justice at San Juliano put a poor man into the damusa of that town, against whom an accusation had been brought, but not substantiated by adequate proof; he was loaded with more than seventy pounds' weight of chains; and, horrid to relate, his feet were in a few days literally worn off; the man died, and his disconsolate wife came to Palermo, bringing authentic and undeniable proofs of her husband's innocence.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

THOSE who concede to the last argument are like Indians, who believe that their last thoughts accompany them to heaven.

An old calumniator resembles a bramble stripped of its leaves, and with nothing left but its thorns.

The condemnation of Ligarius fell from the hand of Cæsar, while he listened to Cicero pleading in his behalf. This is finer than the trait of Alphonso king of Naples, who would not brush away a fly from his lip, till the conclusion of a harangue which was addressed to him.

When the great Mogul says any thing that is like common sense, all his omras cry out, *Karamot!*—and the people repeat, *Karamot!* a miracle!

Every animated body is a chemical laboratory,

Honor is the diamond that Virtue wears on her finger.

The greatest of all dignities to a man of letters, is his reputation.

"Weigh the merits of men." The hand of Hercules alone could hold the scales.

Science is like land; one can possess but a small portion of it.

I saw a man of the name of Roselli at the Hague present a petition to be appointed a professor of philosophy, or the keeper of a coffee-house.

Ulysses did not go back into the cave of the Cyclops to look for his clothes.

"This man has no religion," cries a zealot. "Thou Judas! he has not *thy* religion; he has *his* own.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDLEY.

A sanguine Reformer.—Mrs. Moore, in her "Christian Morals," informs us that "a pious Welch minister, many years ago, being about to publish a sermon, previously consulted her, how many thousand copies he ought to print. He felt not a little shocked at her advising him to reduce his thousands to hundreds: scores she did not dare advise. As she had foreseen, not half a dozen were sold, except a few, charitably taken off his hands by his friends. At her return, soon after, from the metropolis, he hastened to her, with all the ardor of impatience, and seriously inquired, whether she had observed any material reformation at the court end of the town, since the publication of his discourse."

Remarkable Well.—A well, which was dug by Mr. Cole, at Twickenham, in the year 1810, to the depth of three hundred feet, at one time yielded little or no supply of water. On digging about a foot lower down, a sudden spring issued, which, in a day or two, filled the well, and has since been constantly running over. For two years, the water was of the purest nature; but, during the last twelvemonth, it has assumed a different appearance, and become perfectly sulphureous and heated; so much so, that, during the late severe frost, when the thermometer was at 0 in the open air, the surface of the well, which is exposed, was not frozen; and the thermometer, when immersed in the water, stood at 56. It is obvious that a mineral vein has burst into the well.

Modest Reply of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Mr. Northcote, in his "Memoirs" of that celebrated artist, says—"It has been related as an anecdote, that, on one of the evenings when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses at the academy, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and the great, the Earl of C***, who was present, came up to him, saying, "Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said." To which the president, with a smile, replied, "That was to my advantage."

Cement for Glass and China Ware.—To half a pint of milk add an equal quantity of vinegar, to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When well mixed, add a little quick-lime sifted through a fine sieve, till it acquires the consistence of a thick paste. This cement dries soon, and will resist both fire and water.

Preservation of Milk.—A Russian chemist, of the name of Kirchhoff, has lately communicated to the public a mode of preserving milk for almost any length of time. The process which he recommends, and which is said to have been found effectual, is simply that of reducing the milk, by gentle evaporation, to a dry substance, which, on being afterward mixed with a due proportion of water, produces a liquid nearly equal in quality to the original milk.

Preservation of Potatoes.—It has been ascertained by experiment, that potatoes, peeled, cut into thin slices, and gradually dried by the heat of a stove or oven, and thus reduced to a hard horny consistence, may be preserved for a number of years, without losing their nutritive property.—Parsnips have also been preserved in the same manner.

Prodigious Oak-Tree.—Among the natural curiosities of the county of Norfolk, none is more singular than the enormous tree in the parish of Winfarthing. A gentleman, who saw it last summer, has given the following particulars respecting it:—Its external circumference, taken where the tree is the smallest, is 35 feet 6 inches, and 40 feet where it is the largest. The internal circumference, as near as can be ascertained, is 31 feet. Its diameter, which, owing to the irregularity of its surface, varies considerably, is from 10 to 13 feet. The average thickness of the trunk is about two feet; and the space of ground, occupied by its projecting roots, includes a circle of more than 60 feet in extent. No calculation can be formed, with any certainty, respecting the age of this tree; it is supposed to be nearly a thousand years old; and, from its present appearance, there is some reason to suppose it has almost

attained that period. It is quite hollow, and is capable of containing at least thirty persons; thirty-two weanling calves have been seen to come out of it. Every part of it is entirely dead, excepting a large arm over the entrance, which has a number of branches upon it, all thickly covered with leaves. Another arm, containing two waggon-loads of wood, was blown off in 1811; the loss of this has occasioned the tree to decline very much on the opposite side, and has caused several large clefts withinside. Beneath the arm which is remaining, and beneath the place where the other was, the tree is covered with bark, and ivy upon it; but, in every other part, it is quite bare.

Remarkable Crop of Turnips.—In consequence of a premium being held out by the Androssan Farmer Society in Ayrshire, for the best crop of turnips in the district, a considerable competition lately took place; when, after a minute and accurate investigation, there were found to be some fields which produced upwards of 70 tons per acre. In particular, in one field of 13 Scotch acres, belonging to the Earl of Eglington, the average was found to be 75 tons, 8 cwt. 29 qrs. 8lb of bulbs, exclusive of leaves, which were at least 20 tons more. The Scotch acre being in proportion to the English acre as 5 is to 4, makes the produce equal to 60 tons the English acre.

Hot Pokers.—Sir Richard Phillips has recommended, that, in parlours and 'drawing-rooms, the poker should be provided with a *cross* below the bright part. In case of its falling, (perhaps red-hot) from the fire, the cross would probably catch it on the fender: otherwise, if it should roll on the hearth-rug or carpet, the hot end would be kept elevated above the floor, and prevented from doing mischief.

Advantage of Small Farms.—In the village of Thrussington, Leicestershire, inclosed about twenty-four years since, the Earl of Essex is a considerable proprietor. At the time of inclosure, the noble earl had four cottages and 26 acres of land laid out, which were let to four laboring men at the commissioners' value. These four men have amply compensated the noble earl's liberality, in bringing up thirty-two children without any assistance from the parish. Most of them are in service, and of excellent character in their situations.

Improvement in Roads.—A gentleman, lately returned from France, states that great improvements have been made in the roads of that country. Instead of raising a stone at every mile, a small house is built, in which is placed an invalid soldier, to whom a pension is given, with a plat of ground, which he cultivates, and maintains his family in independence. The extent of his watch and labor is half a mile to the right and left of his house. This plan is adopted throughout all France: but the idea, if we mistake not, originated in England, and was here first communicated to the public in print, though our Gallic neighbours have anticipated us in reducing it to practice.

Sudden Death.—On the 18th of March, a Mr. Thorpe, in less than two minutes after he had offered a bet at the cock-pit in St. Giles's, was observed to lean his head forward, with the appearance of being ill. He uttered a feeble moan, changed color, and instantly expired.—He died of apoplexy: and it is a remarkable fact, that, half an hour before his death, he had been heard to say, "The last time I was here, I said, that, if ever I attended the pit again, I hoped I should die there."

Aërial Beds.—Mr. John Clark, of Bridgewater, has taken out a patent for *aërial* (or, as he has chosen to call them, *ætherial*) beds, pillows, cushions, &c. consisting of air-proof cases inflated by means of the air-pump.—We have not a doubt that they will be found extremely comfortable, where they can be kept in *safety:* but we much fear, that their great liability to be pierced or torn by accident or *design*, and thus rendered (at least for a time) wholly useless, will, in numberless instances, prove a bar to their adoption.

Destructive Rats.—Mr. Low, in his "*Fauna Orcadensis*," speaking of the Norway rats, whose numbers and mischievous industry are severely felt in the Orkney islands, says—"This species has got such root in the burying-ground of Stromness, that there is no such thing as extirpating them."—He adds, "A lady some time ago, told a story of her having put by in a cask seven hams of our Orkney swine; and, some time after, having occasion to use some part of them, found a hole in the cask, and every one of them picked to the bone, with the skin left to cover it, no further damaged than to afford a passage for them; nay, there have been instances of children's toes being gnawed by these animals."

POETRY.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

Invocation to GOOD NATURE.

OH! thou of mild and laughing eye,
With lip of ruby, cheek of rose,
Who knowest not the bitter sigh,
That anger gives, to stab repose!

Oh! child of bliss! still pour on me
Thy sweet, thy never-failing charm:
Still wake my soul to minstrelsy,
And snatch my coming hours from harm!

Oh! save my mind from anger's pow'r,
That steals each blooming bud of peace,
That gives us up to phrensy's hour,
That bids each soft emotion cease.

And give, instead, thy winning smile,
That spreads soft pleasure o'er the cheek,
That takes away each thought of guile,
And through the beaming eye can speak.

No selfish wish alone be mine:
Oh! brightest daughter of the skies!
Still in dear woman's beauties shine,
Than beauty a much dearer prize.

Beam from those eyes of brightest blue:
Dwell on that forehead's arching brow:
More freshly tint that cheek's warm hue:
Teach that soft lip love's truest vow.

And, oh! in Beauty's snowy breast,
For ever, gentle spirit, dwell!
'Tis thou can'st bring her balmy rest,
And ev'ry ruder passion quell!

For anger's sway should ne'er be known
To sully lovely woman's soul;
O'er untaught, savage minds alone,
It still should spread its dire controul.

The frowning brow, the raging eye,
The quiv'ring lip, by passion giv'n,
Suit not sweet woman's melting sigh,
Destroy bright beauty's living heav'n.

Still then, Good Nature, may thy sway
Improve each gentle female charm,
Make woman bright as early day,
And guard her ev'ry hour from harm!

The TEARS *of* ELLEN.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
TEAR VIII.

Oh! Edward! can thy bosom rest?
Can sleep await thine eye?
Is aught but anguish in this breast?
But sorrow in this sigh?

For falsehood deep and dire is thine:
No truth is in thy soul:
You made despair's sad portion mine:
I bow to grief's controul!

I know not pleasure, but by name:
My woes deny me sleep:
Delight for me has now no claim:
Mine eyes but ope to weep.

Yet was I never false to thee,
Though mis'ry's lot is mine.
Thou hast been falsehood's self to me:
Then can delight be thine?

ELLEN'S TOMB.

THE night was dark: cold blew the northern blast:
No friendly star reliev'd the fearful gloom,
Or cheer'd the hapless Edward, as he pass'd
With frantic speed to murder'd Ellen's tomb—
Ellen, who, erst, of village maids the pride,
In life's gay morn, and beauty's bloom, had died.

Form'd to delight, with each soul-stealing grace,
Of manners gentle, and in thought refin'd,
'Twas hers from Care's stern brow the gloom to chase,
And whisper comfort to the grief-torn mind;
Enrich'd by nature's hand, her fairest child,
Guileless herself, by cruel man beguil'd.

'Twas Edward, who, with vows of ardent love—
Vows, that experience might have deem'd sincere—
Successful sought her gentle heart to move,
And, while it throbb'd with passion's tend'rest fear,
With cruel arts and treach'rous wiles essay'd
To lure from virtue's path the trusting maid,

Nor strove in vain; for Ellen's gentle mind,
Spotless as Zembla's yet untrodden snows,
Mild as the whispers of the summer's wind,
And pure as dew-drops on the op'ning rose,
With firmest faith, on his false vows relied,
Nor dream'd that sorrow could such faith betide.

Ah! hapless victim of mistaken love!
For thee shall Virtue shed her softest tear.
Keen were the pangs, thy breast was doom'd to prove,
And deep the horrors of thy fate severe?
Ah! deep, indeed, the woes that seal'd thy doom,
And gave thy sweetness to an early tomb.

For ah! ill-fated fair, 'twas thine to shed
The tear of anguish for a parent's woe,
Who shar'd thy pangs, and mourn'd each rapture fled,
That hope could paint, or tenderness bestow;
With all a mother's grief, deplor'd thy shame,
And wept the wreck of happiness and fame;

Saw (with what pain, a parent best can tell)
From thy fair cheek the rose of beauty fly;
In speechless anguish heard thy last farewell,
Press'd thy cold lip, and caught thy parting sigh:
Then rais'd her streaming eyes, in wild despair,
And call'd on Death, to hush the sense of care.

So the poor sailor, on some jutting steep,
Despairing stands, and casts his tearful eye
O'er the rough bosom of the turbid deep,
Where, silent, cold, his gallant mess-mates lie;
Envies their rest beneath the briny wave,
And weeps the fate that snatch'd him from the grave.

Respected mourner, sacred be thy grief!
The painter's veil would best its force portray*.—
May time, that brings severest woes relief,
To thy sick heart its healing balm convey,
And bright religion, piercing through the gloom,
Depicture joys that live beyond the tomb.

But ah! not e'en religion's pow'r can cheer
The perjur'd, guilty cause of all thy woe.
Despair for him portrays, in colors drear,
Each coming hour: for, oh! 'tis his to know
That direst scourge of guilt's impetuous course,
The ceaseless tortures of too late remorse.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Stanzas occasioned by the ILLNESS *of Mr.* H—— F——.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

SEE, where he sits in languor pale!
Mark his sunk eye and hollow cheek!
His trem'lous accents seem to fail,
Or feebly murmur, low and weak.

No pleasure waits on youth's lost hours:
Fled is each dream that fancy gave:
Gone, gone are all his early pow'rs;
Consumption draws him to the grave!

Sad is the sight!—the sick'ning heart
In bleeding anguish turns away:
Fancy sees Death's uplifted dart,
Ready to close his earthly day.

And mem'ry—ever-busy pow'r—
Portrays each scene so lately dear,
Where he enjoy'd the happy hour,
Nor felt the force of mis'ry's tear;

Where he with friendly fervor strove
To cheer the moments as they flew;
Anxious with friendship's smile to prove
He felt sweet friendship's solace true.

How alter'd now!—No smile is seen;
Or, if one for a moment stays,
It only tells what once has been,
And shows how ev'ry joy decays.

The man, that would not heave a sigh
O'er early youth's expiring frame,
Deserves, unwept, himself to die,
Without a friend to tell his name.

One consolation still remains:—
There is a world where woe shall cease,
Where anguish shall forget its pains,
And sorrow find eternal peace;

Where he that trod earth's narrow space,
Despis'd by pride, by friends forgot,
Shall find, when clos'd his wretched race,
That bliss, of innocence the lot!

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* Our fair readers will at once perceive that the ingenious authoress here alludes to the happy device of the ancient Greek painter, Timanthes, who, in representing the sacrifice of Iphigenía [*not Iphigénia*] at Aulis—having exhausted all the powers of picture in portraying the different features of grief, pity, and horror, in the countenances of the other assistants at the dire immolation—left to the spectator's imagination to conceive the more poignant and inexpressible feelings of the maiden's father, Agamemnon, whom he artfully represented holding up his robe against his face, which was thus concealed from view. EDIT.

Thither, when Nature's pangs are o'er,
 Thither our friend's glad soul will rise,
The griefs of earth to feel no more,
 But live immortal in the skies!

The PRISON.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
(*Continued from page* 144.)

BUT, when he sail'd to Afric's torrid coast,
Where stalks at night sad Freedom's shrieking ghost,
Lamenting myriads torn from her embrace,
And, (to humanity, oh! deep disgrace!)
In chains, from home and ev'ry comfort torn,
And to far distant regions weeping borne,
He ne'er his vessel lent, to bear away
His fellow men from liberty's bright day;
But homeward stemm'd the waves, and with him bore
The scanty produce of its horrid shore*:
Gold, that bright suns have ripen'd in the earth;
Gold, that to human mis'ry oft gives birth.
Alas! 'tis this that sounds the trump of war;
And bids him whirl around his blood-red car;
Dooming to death the honorably brave;
And oft some monarch making its base slave.
'Tis this invites the robber to his prey;
'Tis this employs the miser's wretched day;
For this, earth's num'rous nations gladly toil,
And 'mid their labors raise a willing smile.
Still, when with wealth humanity is giv'n,
'Tis this can make the poor man's cot a heav'n;
Can bid the famish'd orphan cease to sigh,
And dry the tears that dim the widow's eye;
Can give to pining poverty relief,
And almost check the groans of deepest grief.
Thus when employ'd, gold finds its noblest pow'r;—
Full oft, alas! it gives to vice the hour;
And, though design'd by heav'n for man's best gain,
By his own deeds he turns it to a bane.
Ivory, too, to form the trifling toy,
That gives to infant mirth a greater joy;
Or turn'd by art to various shape and size,
As elegance or use demands the prize.
Pearls, the fair wrist of beauty to invest;
Or form an ornament to grace her breast,
(The breast, like them, most exquisitely fair)
Or now they blend a wreath to deck her hair:
And costly skins, of bright and glossy grain,
Torn from the prowling monsters of the plain,
The panther fierce, or tiger fiercer still,
Form'd with dire pow'rs to ravage and to kill,
To spread wild terror through the echoing wood,
And bathe their crimson'd fangs in life's warm blood.
Still, though an awful reign of blood they hold,
And against them 'twere madness to be bold,
Man yet contrives by stratagem to gain
A conquest o'er these plund'rers of the plain;
For, as they roam in search of nightly spoils,
He stops their fatal course by traps and toils:
Or, hid in ambush, as they wander near,
Unconscious of their fate, untam'd by fear,
A death-wing'd messenger man swiftly speeds
From fatal tube, and lo! the monster bleeds,
Tears up the ground, and howls with hideous roar,
Then sinks exhausted, welt'ring in his gore:
Weaker and weaker grow his feeble cries;
And soon, with one convulsive stretch, he dies.
Thus conquer'd, man obtains the spotted vest,
In which kind nature had the monster dress'd;
Sends it to Europe, there to deck the steed,
That bears the son of war with burning speed,
Where the loud battle roars with angry breath,
And human victims sink in ghastly death.
 Such various tributes oft his vessel bore,
To aid the merchant's still-increasing store.
Each trip, successful, bless'd his frequent toil;
And Fortune, fickle goddess, seem'd to smile.
Alas! too much he trusted to her pow'r,
And quickly found want's fear-inspiring hour:
For, once, by greedy avarice advis'd,

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* These lines were written before the abolition of the slave-trade.

Caution's prudential dictates he despis'd.
Neglecting to insure his vessel's worth,
He sought the stormy regions of the North,
Where hyperborean blasts tempestuous sweep
In "matchless horror" o'er the trembling deep;
Where fancy pictures ev'ry fiend-like form,
Exultant soaring 'mid the driving storm,
Giving fresh fury to its boist'rous breath,
And hast'ning on the busy work of death.
There (fate unblest!) yon sorrowing son of care
First felt the pang that rises from despair.
Shipwreck'd amid the elemental strife,
He scarce felt thankful to escape with life;
For, ah! his all was lost! and he was thrown
On shores unfriendly, 'mongst a race unknown;
No friend to bid him some soft comfort know,
Nor sweet humanity to sooth his woe.
And, when he reach'd again his native shore,
No joy, to welcome, waited at his door.
Soon, though mild Pity spurns such deeds unkind,
His creditors, to angel mercy blind,
Made him an inmate of this prison's gloom,
Where weeping woes his anguish'd hours consume.

(*To be continued.*)

To Sleep.

By Mr. Charles James Webb, *of Haverhill.*

Vanquish'd night in haste departs,
Pierc'd with morning's orient darts.
See the king of day arise,
Garnishing the eastern skies,
While bright Venus, radiant star,
Fades before his golden car!
  Somnus! downy god! arise!
Sweep thy poppies from mine eyes!
Shake opiate dews from thy soft wing,
O'er each couch that holds a king;
For sharp thorns of anxious care
Line the crowns that monarchs wear.
  Gentle deity! arise!
Seek the bed where Mira lies;
O'er her eyes of azure hue
Pour thy mild somnif'rous dew:
And may Fancy, mimic pow'r,
With bright visions gild the hour.
Gentle Morpheus! grant that she,
Lovely fair! may dream of me.
  Or, thou downy pow'r of sleep!
Fly where rolls the billowy deep;
While the dæmon of the storm
Shows his fierce terrific form;
And, by raging whirlwinds driv'n,
Scours the gloomy vault of heav'n;
While the lightning's lurid glare
Streams along the troubled air;
While the thunder, long and loud,
Bursts the black sulphureous cloud,
As thou rid'st the howling blast,
Hover round the rocking mast:
Sooth the ship-boy's troubled breast;
Lull his senses in sweet rest.
  Or, by mild compassion led,
Kindly seek the sick man's bed:
When the fever's burning pain
Shoots through ev'ry throbbing vein,
When the Æsculapian art
Can no wish'd relief impart;
When the quiv'ring vital flame
Scarce informs the sinking frame;
Let thy sweet lethargic aid,
Soothing, soft, his form pervade;
Tranquillise his parting breath,
And consign him to kind Death.

An April Shower.

(*From Mr. James Fitzgerald's "Poetical Pastimes."*)

Deceitful show'r! to steal on me,
  While sunshine cheer'd the view—
Scarce yet convinc'd, although I see,
  You've pierc'd me through and through!

So have I hung upon a smile,
  Rapt in delusive joy,
Nor once bethought me of the guile,
  That lur'd but to destroy.

The sun may shine, though torrents flow:
  A smile may hide our fate:
Thus we are caught, before we know—
  And mourn, when 'tis too late.

Address to Pity.

(*From "Variety," by Mr. Glanville.*)

Hail! lovely nymph, whose pensive mien
Within each sad recess is seen,
  Weeping the love-lorn tale;
Whose winning accents oft I hear,
So softly wild, so sweetly clear,
  Breathe through the lonely vale.

Not all the beauties that adorn
The rich resplendence of the morn,
  To me are half so sweet,
As are those mild and tender beams,
Which from thine uprais'd eye-lid streams
  In sorrow's cold retreat.

When Mis'ry's wan and faded form
Abides the fury of the storm,
  Depriv'd of ev'ry friend;
Then dost thou gently raise her head,
And to some low protective shed
  Her trembling footsteps bend

With all the eloquence of youth,
To thee her tale of slighted truth
The artless virgin tells;
While on her bosom, white as snow,
And on her cheek, all pale with woe,
Thine eye alternate dwells.

To me the pearl is not so dear
As is that gentle, gen'rous tear,
Just glist'ning in thine eye;—
Nor yet so sweet, from yonder dell,
The sylvan harp's celestial swell,
As is thy mournful sigh.

Give me, when pensive and alone,
To hear thy lone lute's mellow tone,
At eve the woods among;
For thou each painful thought canst cheer,
Sad warbling on the night's dull ear
Thy slow expressive song.

Angelic form, enthron'd in Heav'n,
Oh! be thy pow'r to me but giv'n,
Let me thy influence own;
My earliest vows thou shalt receive,
Although, perhaps, thou wilt not heave
One sigh, when I am gone.

Postumous FAME;— *a Simile.*

The following beautiful simile is from a new tragedy, by Mr. Sheill, lately acted in Dublin, with great applause.

I'VE heard thee say, when we have stray'd at eve
Along the shores of fair Geneva's Lake,—
And watch'd the summits of a distant peak
Red with the glories of the parting sun,
That thus, hereafter, while the rest of men
Lay in oblivion's wild obscurity,
Mem'ry would throw her radiance on the great,
Who rise, like mountains, o'er the sphere of time.

FASHIONS
FOR
MAY.

Morning Walking Dress.—A round robe of white muslin, made high in the neck, with vandyke collar: long sleeves: the skirt rather long: the bottom ornamented with needle-worked roses, and at the bottom, over which a spencer of Pomona-green satin, with collar to turn back, lined with white satin:—bracer of white satin ribbon.—An occasional square scarf of white lace.—Hat of the same material as the spencer, turned up with white satin: a sprig of flowers on one side.—Gloves of York tan.—Hair in full curls on the temples, turned up behind.—Shoes of the color of the spencer.

Evening Dress.—A robe dress of orange crape over a slip of white satin, made low on the bosom and back, ornamented with lace: trimming of small roses and lilies round the shoulder and bosom, down the front, and at the feet.—The hair in full curls in front, and at the sides —turned up behind *à la Grecque.*—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets *en suite.*—Gloves of white kid. —Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes in front.

General Observations.—Morning walking dresses are of white muslin, made high, with stomacher fronts; long sleeves: the skirt full, of a moderate walking length, with trimming of needle-work, in the form of wreaths of roses and lilies.—Pelisses of pink, Pomona green, or salmon-colored satin, made short as the tunic; with single front, trimmed with lace.—The cottage bonnet, or Pomona hat, of the same material with the dress, is generally worn, trimmed with small clusters of white roses interspersed with lilies.—Occasional scarfs of white lace are generally worn.—A small cluster of flowers generally decorates the hair on one side; the hair in full curls on the sides, with a small lace cap.—Necklace and cross of pearl, or satin beads of pale blue or pink.—Ear-rings and bracelets to correspond.—Parasol of green, or of the color of the dress, with broad white fringe border.—Gloves of olive, or lemon-colored kid.—Shoes of black kid.

Half Dresses.—Round robes of dove-colored, grey, or primrose-colored muslin, with small sprigs or spots of the same, made with frock bosom, or stomacher front: full long sleeves: the robe of a moderate walking length.—Cap of lace, with a small wreath of white roses on one side.—Hair in full curls on the sides—to turn up behind.—Ear-rings and necklace of pearl.—Gloves of lilac kid.—Shoes to correspond in color with the dress.—An occasional silk scarf, with a broad border of flowers.

Carriage Costume.—A robe of white muslin, made rather long and full; over which a spencer of pink, salmon, or Pomona green satin, ornamented round the neck, and down the front of the bosom, with lace trimming, in the form of small roses.—Hat or bonnet of the same material, with trimming to correspond.—A scarf veil of white lace is an elegant accompaniment to this order.—Hair *à la*

Grecque, in full curls on the sides.—Ear-rings and necklace of pearl.—Gloves of colored kid, to correspond.—Shoes of black kid.

Evening Dresses are of pale primrose, light lilac, or pink crape, worn over slips of white satin, made full in the skirt, of a moderate walking length; the sleeves full at the shoulder: the skirt full at the back; ornamented with trimming of lace at the feet, bosom, and down the front, in the form of small roses.—The hair in full curls in front and on the sides, turned up behind *à la Grecque*.—A small cluster of white roses on one side.—Ear-rings and necklace of diamonds.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with roses of silver in front.—Fan of carved ivory or frosted crape.

Books *recently published*.

Miscellaneous.

The Life of Lamoignon Malesherbes. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Edward Martin. 5*s*.

Voyage round Great Britain. By R. Ayton. No. I. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Neele's General Atlas. Part I. £1. 1*s*.

View of the Pleasures arising from a Love of Books. By the Rev. Edward Martin. 6*s*.

Introduction to Perspective, adapted to the Capacities of Children. By Mr. Hayter. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Letters of Ortis to Lorenzo. From the Italian. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Maxims, Reflexions, and biographical Anecdotes, selected for the use of Young Persons. By J. H. Bransby. 2*s*.

Copies of Letters and Dispatches to Bonaparté, intercepted by the Allies. Edited by A. W. Schlegel. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Missionary Register for the year 1813. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Familiar Scenes, Histories, and Reflexions. By the Author of "Cottage Sketches." 3*s*. 6*d*.

Frostiana; or a History of the River Thames in a frozen state, &c. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Elements of Tuition. By the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell. Part II. 12*s*.

General Biography. By Dr. Aikin, and Mr. Johnston. Vol. IX. £2. 2*s*.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Dugald Stewart, F. R. S. Ed. &c. Vol. II. £2. 2*s*.

Account of the Lives and Writings of James I. and Charles I. and of the Lives of Oliver Cromwell, and Charles II. By W. Harris, D. D. £3.

Analysis of Chronology. By W. Hales, D. D. £8. 8*s*.

History and Antiquities of Hampstead. By J. J. Park. £1. 7*s*.

Sermons, by the late Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan. 12*s*.

Sermons adapted to the use and perusal of Schools. By Rev. S. Barrow. 7*s*.

The First nine Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Account of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Trimmer. 18*s*.

Observations on certain Diseases of Females. By Surgeon Clarke. £1. 1*s*.

Poetry.

Postumous Parodies and other pieces, composed by several of our most celebrated Poets, but not published in any Edition of their Works 6*s*.

Tixall Poetry; a collection of Poems, partly written, and partly collected, by individuals of the Family of Sir Walter Acton, of Tixall, in Staffordshire. Edited by Arthur Clifford. £2. 2*s*.

Feast of the Poets, &c. By the Editor of the Examiner. 6*s*.

Lay of the Scotch Fiddle. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Earl Crawford's Poems. 4*s*.

Hymn of Thanksgiving for our late Victories, &c. By the Rev. J. Whitehouse. 1s.

Habington's Castara. By C. A. Elton. 9*s*.

Accepted Addresses, Macbeth travesti, &c. 6*s*.

St. Oswald, &c. By Miss Bishop.

Pleasures of Pity, &c. By F. Fullerton Weston. £1. 11*s*. 6*d*.

Gray's Poems; with Notes, Biography, &c. By the Rev. J. Mitford. 18*s*.

The Prospects of Africa, &c. By James Jennings. 5*s*.

Orlando in Roncesvalles. By J. H. Merivale. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Doge's Daughter, &c. By Edward Lord Thurlow. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Tears of the Novel-Writers. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Novels.

Mystery and Confidence. 18*s*.

Pleasure and Pain. By Anna Maria Weston. 18s.

Castle of Strathmay. By Honoria Scott. 9*s*.

O'Donnel. By Lady Morgan, late Miss Owenson. £1. 1*s*.

Corasmin, or the Minister. By the Author of the "Swiss Emigrants." 15*s*.

Conviction; or She is innocent By the Author of "Cambrian Pictures," &c. £1. 7*s*. 6*d*.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—Bulletin of April 2.—"His Majesty has passed the last month in a uniform state of tranquillity: but his disorder is unabated."

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *March* 31, thirteen pence, farthing—*April* 7, twelve pence, halfpenny—*April* 14, the same—*April* 21, eleven pence, three farthings, *Ap.* 28, the same.

[*London, March* 24] The new dock-yard forming at Pater Church, in the harbour of Milford, will be as large as any in the kingdom. The ground, at present marked out for that purpose, comprises nearly 100 acres.

[24] *False Witness.*—At the Huntingdon assises, two women appeared as witnesses, to charge a poor girl with a grand larceny, who was no sooner acquitted than a discovery was made that the perjured wretches were themselves the perpetrators of the robbery; on which they were immediately secured, tried the next day, and capitally convicted.

[28] *Leyden, March* 20.—Between the 6th and 10th inst. Marshal Davoust expelled from Hamburg between 2500 and 3000 of the inhabitants. In the hospitals, about 100 persons daily die of infectious diseases. All the dead bodies are conveyed to the suburbs of St. George, the soldiers naked, the officers in sacks, and are piled one upon another, so that they lie there in heaps as high as houses; the frost making it impossible to bury them.

[28] A letter from Lisbon says, "The printers throughout Portugal have been prohibited by the government from adverting to the present state of affairs in Spain. No less a penalty than death is threatened those who may contravene this order."

[28] Intelligence from Canada states that the late winter there has been milder than any former one within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

[28] Earl Moira landed in India on the 4th of last October.

[29] March 25, a meeting was held at the City of London Tavern—the Duke of Kent in the chair—and resolutions adopted for the establishment of an *infirmary for diseases in the lungs;* where, in addition to the use of other remedies, it is intended that the patients shall, by artificial means, be enabled constantly to inhale air of a warm summer temperature.

[30] Feb. 3, a convention for an armistice was signed at Naples by Lord William Bentinck, commander in chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean, and the Duke di Gallo, minister for foreign affairs to the King of Naples.

[31] March 12, two British ships—the Duke of Marlborough packet, and the Primrose sloop of war—meeting in the night off the coast of Portugal, and mistaking each other for enemies, had a smart engagement of above three quarters of an hour, and did not discover their mistake, till after six men had been killed, and twenty-nine wounded.

[31] March 12, the Russian general St. Priest took the city of Rheims by storm; and, on the 13th, Marshal Bianchi totally defeated Marshal Augereau near Maçon.

[*April* 1] March 29, the Grand Duchess Catharine of Russia, Duchess of Oldenburg, landed at Sheerness, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. She arrived in London, in grand procession, on the 31st.

[1] *Dangerous Hoops.*—Yesterday, in the Borough, a boy, trundling a hoop, drove it between a gentleman's legs, threw him down, and ran off; when two other boys hastened to the gentleman's assistance, helped him to rise, and then followed their runaway companion, after having picked the gentleman's pockets of his watch and pocket book.

[3] The *negotiations for peace*, carried on at Châtillon by the plenipotentiaries of the belligerant powers, were broken off on the 18th of March.

[4] March 13, the French drove the allies from Rheims: but, on the 19th, the allies, under General Blücher, expelled the French in their turn, and regained possession of the city.—Bonaparte, with the greater part of his army, had quitted the place on the 16th, and marched toward Epernay; and, on the 21st, he was defeated by the allies at Arcis-sur-Aube, with considerable loss.

[4] The magistrates of the county of Durham have gained a verdict of £20,000 against Mr. Sandys, the architect, for having built the court-house and gaol in an insufficient manner.

[6] *The Allies in Paris.*—From the official dispatches received at the War Office, it appears, that, from the 20th of March to the 25th, there had been continual fighting between the allies and the French corps commanded by Marshals Macdonald, Oudinot, Marmont, and Mortier, greatly to the advantage of the former, who had captured nine gener-

officers, ten thousand men, and eighty pieces of cannon. After the action of the 21st at Arcis-sur-Aube, Bonaparté moved to St. Dizier, and thence upon Joinville. But the junction of the grand army with that commanded by Marshal Blücher having been effected, the communication between the French army and Paris had been cut off. The allies now, with a united force of at least two hundred thousand men, advanced against the French capital, and nearly approached it on the 29th. To oppose them, Joseph Bonaparté, aided by Marshals Mortier and Marmont, took post, on the morning of the 30th, with a numerous army, in a very advantageous position in the immediate vicinity of Paris. The allies speedily attacked their opponents, and, after a sharp and sanguinary conflict, defeated and drove them into the city, and were themselves on the point of forcing their way into it, when a flag of truce was sent out, to solicit a capitulation, which was granted by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who entered Paris on the following morning, at nine o'clock, at the head of their troops.

[6] *New Dutch Constitution.*—The assembly, convened at Amsterdam, to deliberate on the proposed new Constitution, adopted it on the 29th of March, by a majority of 458 to 25. It was accepted by the Prince of Orange, who, on the following day, took the oath to observe it, and was solemnly inaugurated as Sovereign Prince of the United Netherlands.

[8] The whole stock of wine belonging to the inhabitants remaining in Hamburg, who amount to about 55,000, has been seised by the French.

[9] *New Government of France.*—Dispatches and papers from Paris announce that the allied sovereigns had publicly proclaimed their resolution to treat no more with Napoleon Bonaparté, or any of his family; that they will respect the integrity of ancient France, as it existed under its legitimate kings; and that they will recognise and guarantee whatever Constitution France shall adopt. They invited the Senate to name immediately a provisional government, which might provide for the wants of the administration, and prepare a new Constitution. The Senate had accordingly assembled, and had chosen a committee of five, to constitute a provisionary government. The members are Talleyrand, Bournonville, Dalberg, Jaucour, and Montesquieu. The Senate in a second sitting declared—that the dynasty of Bonaparté was at an end—that the French were released from their oath of allegiance to him;—and an address to the same purport is made to the armies. They then declare that the Senate and legislative bodies shall form fundamental parts of the new constitution, under such modifications as might be proper;—that property shall be preserved, as well as the public debt and public pensions; that the press shall be free, subject to regulations—an indemnity for conduct and opinions—that there shall be complete religious freedom.—A constitution is to be presented upon these bases.—It is added, that the utmost tranquillity exists in Paris; the barriers are all open. Versailles, and the neighbouring towns, have declared in unison with Paris.

[9] The Emperor Alexander, in an audience which he gave to the French Senate on the 2d of April, announced to them that he restored to the nation all the French prisoners in Russia, who are said to amount to near 200,000 men.

[9] *Lord Wellington.—Granada, March* 13.—This day, possession of the domain, called the Soto de Roma, was given to the agent of Lord Wellington.

[9] Yesterday, twenty-four Gottenburg mails arrived together. They had been detained by the ice; and the packet which brought them over, was only extricated by having the ice cut away to the distance of seven miles from the shore.

[9] *Norway.*—Feb. 19, the Regent of Norway, Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark, (first cousin to the Danish monarch) issued a proclamation, declaring his resolution of obeying the invitation of the people, and providing for the liberty and safety of Norway. He likewise announced the intended meeting of an assembly to fix upon a constitution for the future government of the country.

[11] Dispatches from Paris, of April 7, announce, that Bonaparté, (who was then at Fontainebleau, with a force not supposed to exceed 40 or 50,000 men) had sent to the allied sovereigns a proposal of submitting to the decision of the Senate and people of France, and abdicating the crown in favor of his son; but that, this proposition being rejected, and the major part of his generals and troops having abandoned him, he had "surrendered himself to the wishes of the nation;" and, on the 6th, he formally declared by a written instrument, that he "renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy."

[11] *Paris, April* 6.—The first act of the Provisional Government orders that all obstacles to the return of the Pope to his own territories shall be instantly removed, and that all honors be paid to him on his journey: the second orders the brother of the Infant Don Carlos to be released and sent back to Spain:—another recalls the chief of the Bourbon family to the throne of France.—In the Parisian cathedral, prayers have been solemnly offered up, in the old form, for Louis XVIII, as "*King*."—Numbers of generals, magistrates, and public bodies, have already announced their dereliction of Bonaparté, their accession to the new order of things, and their willingness to submit to the Bourbons.

[11] Two deputies from Dunkirk, who arrived in London on Saturday, on a mission to Louis XVIII, brought with them all the English prisoners who were in their neighbourhood.

[12] *Paris, April* 7.—The Constitution has been presented to the Senate. It was read twice, and a commission appointed to consider it.—The commission having made its report on the 5th of April, the Constitution was unanimously adopted on the following day.—Thus Louis Stanislaus Xavier is restored to the wishes of the French by a constitutional charter, equally advantageous to the people, and the royal family destined to govern them.

[12] Mr. Astlett, who has so long been confined in Newgate, for purloining cancelled government debentures from the Bank of England, and putting them again into circulation, is said to have received a pardon from the Regent, on condition of going into exile for life, after a stay of one month in England to settle his affairs.

[14] From the new *French Constitution*, adopted by the Senate on the 6th of April, we extract the following articles—"The French people call freely to the throne of France Louis Stanislaus Xavier of France, brother of the last king, and after him the other members of the house of Bourbon, in the ancient order.—The ancient nobility resume their titles. The new preserve theirs hereditarily.—The King, the Senate, and the Legislative Body, concur in the making of laws. Those relating to contributions can only be proposed in the legislative body.—The independence of the judicial power is guaranteed.—The institution of juries is preserved, as well as the publicity of trial in criminal matters.—The freedom of conscience and worship is guaranteed. The ministers of worship are treated and protected alike.—The public debt is guaranteed.—The sales of the national domains are irrevocably maintained.—The present Constitution shall be submitted to the acceptance of the French people. Louis Stanislaus Xavier shall be proclaimed king of the French, as soon as he shall have signed and sworn, by an act stating, "I accept the Constitution; I swear to observe it, and cause it to be observed."

[14] The release of the French prisoners in England has already commenced.

[14] Last night, London was again brilliantly illuminated, as it had already been on the two preceding nights, on account of late interesting events in France.

[14] The manor of Bramshot, in Hants, producing a rental of ten guineas a year, was yesterday sold, at public auction, by Messrs. Robins, for one thousand and fifteen pounds.

[15] Orders were issued on Wednesday, for disbanding the militia on the 24th of June. The second battalions are to be immediately disbanded; and only twenty officers are to be allowed to each first battalion.

[15] *Droits of Admiralty.*—The amount of the droits of the Crown and Admiralty, from January 5, 1813. to January 5, 1814, were £574,044 4*s*. 8*d*. of which sum, the proceeds from American captures were £511,500.

[15] A *fox* was taken, on Monday last, in the vicinity of Taunton, with a litter of *nine* cubs.

[16] *France.*—The Provisional Government, being informed, that above 800 Spanish peasants, taken prisoners in the fort of Figueras, had been detained, since the year 1811, in the hulks or galleys at Brest and Rochefort, and treated in every respect as convicts, with only the exception of a difference in the color of their dress—ordered them to be immediately liberated, and conducted to the nearest Spanish post.

[16] *Dover, April* 14.—The Channel, between this and France, is now become like a ferry; boats are passing and repassing continually; the number of persons belonging to this town who have already visited Calais is incredible; they are received with the greatest politeness and friendship, and every attention shown them while there.

[18] *The Spanish King*, Ferdinand VII, returning from his captivity in France

to re-ascend his throne, reached the left bank of the river Fluvia, on the 24th of February, escorted by Marshal Suchet with a detachment of French troops. Here the French troops halted; and the king having crossed the river with his suite, wholly consisting of Spaniards, General Copons, with a body of Spanish troops, advanced to receive him, and attended him to Gerona.

[18] The Count d'Artois, the French monarch's eldest brother (and, as such, designated, according to the old French custom, by the distinctive appellation of "*Monsieur*," without addition) made his public entry into Paris on the 12th of April, and was received with the utmost cordiality by the entire population. It being deemed expedient that the solemnity should be purely French, the allied sovereigns did not attend; nor did any of their troops join in the procession.

[20] April 14, the French Senate conferred on Monsieur the provisional government of France, under the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom, until his brother, Louis XVIII, shall have accepted the new Constitution.

[20] Orders have been issued in France for the general and immediate release of all prisoners of war detained in the French territories.

[20] April 15, the Emperor of Austria entered Paris in grand procession.—The Crown Prince of Sweden arrived on the same day.

[20] April 15, ten waggons, laden with precious effects carried off from Paris, arrived at the Tuilleries under a detachment of *gendarmerie*.—Bonaparté had carried off the crown jewels and plate, and ordered vast sums of money to be collected from various quarters, and sent to different places for his use.—The jewels and plate have been recovered, and most of the money.

[20] Cardinal Maury has been deprived by his chapter of the administration of the metropolitan church at Paris, and has been obliged to remove from the Archbishop's palace. He was only Archbishop of Paris *ad interim*.

[21] Yesterday, Louis XVIII arrived in London from his late residence at Hartwell, on his way to France. Our Regent had gone out as far as Stanmore to meet him, and accompanied him to town in one of the royal carriages. They entered London in grand procession, escorted by a number of gentlemen on horseback, parties of the military, &c. &c. and proceeded to Grillon's Hotel in Albemarle-street, which had been engaged for the French monarch's reception.—Previous to their parting for the night, Louis took off the ribbon and star of the order of the Holy Ghost, which he wore, and invested the Regent with them.

[22] The provisional government of France had, on the first of April, sent intelligence to Marshal Soult of the late revolution, with orders to desist from hostilities: but, the dispatches being delayed or intercepted on the road, the Marshal and Lord Wellington remained wholly ignorant of the transactions at Paris, and had, on the 10th, a serious and sanguinary engagement at Toulouse, which terminated in the defeat of the French, who were driven into the city. During the night of the 11th, they retreated from it; and Lord Wellington entered it the next morning.—This unfortunate affair cost the allies, in killed, wounded, and missing, 4659 men.

[22] Yesterday, the Regent held a privy council at Carlton House: Louis XVIII repaired thither in procession: the Regent and his court came out to receive him; and, having conducted him to the royal closet, the Regent held a chapter of the Order of the Garter; when Louis being declared duly elected a member, and kneeling down on a cushion, the Regent waved the sword of state, conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and placed on his left knee the garter of the order.—After the ceremony, he gave the Gallic monarch a grand dinner in company with a small party wholly consisting of royalty, viz. the Queen of G. Britain, Prince of Condé, Dukes of Bourbon, York, and Kent, Duchess of Angoulême, Duchess of York, Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, and Charlotte, and the Grand-Duchess of Oldenburg.

[25] *Louis XVIII.*—April 23, about half past 8 in the morning, that prince, with the other members of his family, set out from London, on their return to France. They were escorted by a party of light dragoons; and the Duke of Sussex rode beside the king's carriage to some distance from town.—Our Regent had, at an early hour, set out from Carlton-House, and, about four in the afternoon, reached Dover, where the French monarch arrived at half past six, under a discharge of artillery. On the whole of his way from London, he was uninterruptedly

cheered with enthusiastic huzzas by the assembled multitude of all ranks. From Dartford, the populace dragged his carriage up the steep hill; from Rochester, they drew him forward above a mile. During his progress through the town of Dover, a royal salute was fired from the castle, and the ships of war in the roads, while bands of music hailed the procession. He was received by the Regent, who conducted him on board the royal yacht, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for the occasion.—On the 24th, at one o'clock P M. he sailed, with a fair wind, amid the loud acclamations of assembled thousands, and safely reached Calais the same afternoon.—During the time of his passage, the Channel, between Dover and Calais, seemed covered with ships and boats, accompanying the royal yacht, which conveyed him to his native land.

[25] *Bonaparté.*—On the 20th inst. Napoleon, accompanied by four commissioners from the four allied powers, and escorted by a body of foreign troops, set out from Fontainebleau, on his way to the isle of Elba, where he is henceforward to reside, with a yearly allowance from the French government, equal to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.—He is not accompanied by his Empress (now recognised only by her original designation of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria) who intends shortly to return, with her son, to Vienna.

[28] *Bayonne.*—Dispatches from Lord Wellington announce, that, on the 14th of April, the French garrison, blockaded by the allies in the citadel of Bayonne, made a sortie in great force, and suddenly attacked their blockaders between two and three in the morning; but, after a sharp conflict, were driven back into their intrenchments, with considerable loss,—On the part of the allies, the loss (which fell almost entirely on the British) was 150 men killed, 457 wounded, and 236 missing.—Among the slain, was Major gen. Hay.—Gen. Sir John Hope was wounded, and taken prisoner. [*There was a report here of treachery on the part of the French commandant: but the dispatches do not at all countenance it.*]

Born.

March 23, of Mrs. Alexander Baring, a daughter.

27, of Lady Morpeth, a son.

28, of Mrs. Onslow, Bulstrode-street, a daughter.

April 3, of the Countess of Albemarle, a daughter.

4, of the Hon. Mrs. Werninck, a son.

6, of the Hon. Mrs. Horsley Beresford, a daughter.

8, of the Hon. Mrs. Winne, a daughter.

12, of Mrs. Horace Beckford, a son.

18, of Lady Ackland, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Henry Goldsmid, a son.

Married.

March 23, G. T. Nicholson, esq. to Miss Ann Elizabeth Smith.

[26] *Lately*, Capt. Charles Moore, of the 67th, to Miss Margaret Maclean.

29, Rev. Charles Tower, of Brentwood, Essex, to Miss Fanny Hibbert.

31, Mr. J. Wheeler, of Mincing Lane, to Miss Caroline Cotterill.

April 9, Sir Simon Haughton Clarke, to Miss Catharine Haughton.

13, Viscount Althorp, to Miss Acklom.

14, Lord George Quin, to Lady Georgiana Spencer.

14, J. A. F. Simkinson, esq. to Miss Mary Griffin.

14, Rev. J. Rudge Relton, of Q. C. Oxford, to Miss Sophia Boyer.

15, Capt. Maitland, R. A. to Miss Elizabeth Miller.

[20] *Lately*, Dr. Munro, of Gower-street, to Miss Sarah Cox.

Deceased.

March 16, Mrs. Colonel Herries.

18, Dowager Countess Spencer.

25, The Earl of Rosebery.

27, The Duchess Dowager of Leinster.

30, Lady William Herne.

J. Thornton, esq. author of "The present State of Turkey."

Mrs. Hanson, Bloomsbury-square.

Rev. W. Freston, of Emanuel Coll. Oxford.

31, Mrs. Colonel Taylor, Devonshire-place.

April 5, Col. Lemon, Polvellan, Cornwall.

7, Mrs. Grimstone, Piccadilly.

8, The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Jenkinson.

10, Dr. Burney, author of the "History of Music," &c. in his 88th year.

14, Col. Kennedy, Allsop's Buildings.

The Relict of Sir Richard Glyn.

15, Mrs. Lukin, Brighton.

16, Miss Ann Sophia Horne, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square.

20, W. Osborn, esq. late of the 7th L. Dragoons.

21, The Earl of Ailesbury.